

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 981.—21 March, 1863.

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NIGHT ON THE LAGUNES.

Along the still lagoon,
While lutes and lips in tune,
Mingle around—come, gondolier, and oar us to
the moon.
Forth from this shadowy arc,
Stretched in our lamp-lit barque,
In festal silence let us float, soft through the
summer dark ;
Through streets based on the brine,
Mid droops of Syrian vine—
One tome of Tasso open, and one flask of Cypress
wine :
Now float we underneath
Some palace hushed as death,
Its marbles creased in wrinkles by the hot si-
rocco's breath ;
Now through the shadow rare
Of lofty column fair ;
Now by grave hooded porticoes around the silent
square,
Where springing fountains taste
The fresh light of the waste ;
Now by yon line of blood-red granite colonnade
we haste :
Now past cathedral doors,
Where spark the spraying oars,
Where altar-lights stream richly o'er the tessell-
ated floors.
* * * * *
Lo ! in yon casement chaste,
With vase and trailer graced,
In curtained dusk, a figure rises as from out the
east—
Some dusky tropic sphere,
Crown of the burning year,
Through twilight glimmers o'er the rich ambro-
sial breathing meer—
And garbed in silken stole,
Pours out her music soul
In gushes through the mazes of a joyous barca-
role ;
Now touching as she sings,
Her mandoline's bright strings,
Vibrates the smooth dark flowing air with thin-
nest tinklings :
While o'er the blue waves flow
A bacchant group below,
Quaff wine at leafy windows in the moon's au-
tumnal glow.
" Hail, traveller, hail ! " and we
" Hail, " echo, as to sea
We speed along the line of lustre trembling si-
lently :
Past terraces of flowers,
Past structures of old hours—
The low stars indurating dim their ruined roofs
and towers :
Past watery thickets gray,
Now lies our shadowy way,
Moon-shielded in the dead light of the mirrored
purple day ;
And now by stretching sands,
Where airy floating hands
And flashing mazed feet career in joyous sara-
abands.
* * * * *

Remote the city lies,
Music and mysteries
Breathing and brooding through it under mid-
night's magic skies ;
And broad the moon wave rolls,
And solemn distant tolls
The great cathedral bell above the multitude of
souls :
Parading round the square,
Flooded with lustrous air,
Or jesting with the masks along the lamplit casas
there ;
Where donnas sauntering whirl,
Black-eyed, with streaming curl,
And floating silver-girdled stoles and terzolas of
pearl.
But as for us—a far
We oar us past the bar,
And in mid-water point our prow straight to one
sumptuous star,
Near which we dimly mark
One shell-bright moving barque,
And hear a voice melodious streaming through
the azure dark ;
Now quivering like the ray,
On which it seems to play :—
Now fading down the main of splendor, spirit-
like, away.
* * * * *

But lo ! the morn is nigh,
And glimmer distantly
Borranos Alps, like drifts of withered rose, along
the sky :
And falls the dim dawn rain,
As Veniceward, amain
We speed to sleep and dream the hours 'till Ves-
per sparks again. T. IRWIN.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A GREETING TO THE "GEORGE GRIS-
WOLD."

(*The Ship which bore to the Mersey the Contributions
of the United States to the relief of Lancashire.*)

BEFORE thy stem smooth seas were curled,
Soft winds thy sails did move,
Good ship, that from the Western world
Bore freight of brothers' love.

'Twixt starving here and striving there
When wrath flies to and fro,
Till all seems hatred everywhere,
How fair thy white wings show !

O'er the great seas thy keel plowed through
Good ships have borne the chain
That should have knit old world and new
Across the weltering main.

The chain was borne—one kindly wave
Of speech pulsed through its coil ;
Then dumb and dead in ocean's grave
Lay hope and cost and toil.

But thou, good ship, a gain hast brought
O'er these wide waves of blue,
The chain of kindly word and thought
To link those worlds anew.

—*Punch*, 21 Feb.

From The Saturday Review.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM.*

As we turn over the portfolio of these exquisite photographic prints, which seem really to be in all respects equal to the original handiworks of the great master, it is impossible not to remember the prediction of a high authority that a hundred years hence all the sun-drawings in which our generation takes such delight will be either altogether effaced, or will have become indistinguishable blots and smears of a brownish monochrome. Whether this prophecy will be verified or not is as yet unknown. Many a collector of photographs looks wistfully at his treasures, and observes from time to time the indisputable paling and fading away of the earlier specimens of the art. It is possible that the better qualities of the "chemicals" which are now procurable may postpone or avert the catastrophe; but we confess that we are disposed to rest our best hopes for the future on Sir Henry James's newly discovered zinco-photographic process. By this admirable invention, the inimitable delicacy and fidelity of a sun-drawn picture are transferred to a metal plate or a surface of stone, from which again imperishable copies may be multiplied, almost without limit, by the ordinary printing-press. Meanwhile, however, until the noble process is perfected, we must be grateful for this second *fasciculus* of photographic copies of the *Liber Studiorum* plates, and must not allow our fears for their permanency to interfere with the pleasure and profit which these reproductions afford to us. As we said in noticing the former series, the usefulness of these photographic copies to a student of art cannot possibly be exaggerated. No more valuable present to a landscape painter can be imagined than these reproductions of Turner's matchless masterpieces. They will guide, reform, and improve the taste of thousands of amateur artists, and will often implant a love of landscape-drawing where it never existed before.

We proceed to point out some of the special excellences of these photographs in the order in which they here appear. First of all, we have the coast of Yorkshire.

* *Liber Studiorum*. Second Series. Photographs from Twenty-one Original Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum. Published under the Authority of the Department of Science and Art. London: Cundall, Downes, & Co. 1862.

It is the most poetical and has the deepest tragic interest of them all. A terrific gale is bursting on the rocky shore of a bay, and a wrecked hull is tossing in the surf in the foreground. In the distance is a stern headland, scarcely distinguishable from the inky sky, with its outline obscured by the rain and the spray. A white lighthouse gleams fitfully on its summit; and the flashing wings of a flight of sea-gulls driven inland by the storm are made, by the highest cunning of art, to intensify the gloomy murkiness of the sky, and to throw the foreland into the extreme distance. At the foot of the rocky point the surf is boiling and drifting as no one but Turner has ever drawn it. In the immediate foreground there are nearer and blacker rocks, with a few figures trying to rescue the perishing wretches who are seen, in strong relief against the surf behind, clinging to the helpless wreck. This is a picture which grows in force and truth the more it is looked at, until it becomes scarcely a stretch of the imagination to fancy one's self present at the very scene. The next plate, called "Cephalus and Procris," is of course a woodland view with two ill-drawn figures, which were better away, in the foreground. The marvel of the drawing is its slightness. It is nothing but a short wild avenue of trees seen obliquely, in which the trunks and leafage are scarcely more than indicated by a few hasty touches. The most beautiful part of the picture is a sunlit copse, seen in the distance on the right through the stems of the nearest trees. "Pastoral with Cattle" is the name of the next plate. It seems to be a sort of reminiscence of Claude-like landscape—a broad open valley with near trees on each side, cattle in the foreground, scattered trees in the mid-distance, and a massive rock, castle-crowned, filling up the vista on the horizon. The foliage here is inimitable; and the long sloping shadows athwart the valley are managed with infinite skill. We may add that outline, leafage, and general character in this landscape are clearly intended to represent a scene in some upland of the mountain limestone. The plate of the "Wye and the Severn" is of course a study of far distance. Here, as is often the case in art, the hand of the master is evident by its reticence—so to call it. In this exquisite landscape there is positively no outline at all in the further distance; and the spectator's eye pores

into the vanishing horizon for some more definite forms of the sinuous Wye and the stately stream into which it is falling, just as it would do in nature itself. The great lesson which nature teaches in vain to the *præ-Raf-faellite* landscapist—viz., that art must represent objects as the human eye sees them—may perhaps be brought home to him by the careful study of this masterpiece. The next plate is inscribed, "Laufenburg on the Rhine." As usual, it is a study, and not a transcript, from nature. The river, dark, narrow, and foaming, is spanned by an irregular, picturesque bridge. Both banks are lofty and crowded with houses and towers, rising in stages one above the other. This view embodies, no doubt, the painter's recollection of the general characteristics and effects of the Rhine scenery of this type. In "Dumblane Abbey" we have a steep bank, clothed with wood, sunk in the deepest shadow, surmounted by the ruined eastern gable and roofless side-walls of the ancient church. At the foot winds a narrow river, with a low bank on the other side, a hamlet in the distance, and a group of women washing clothes in the foreground. The elements of the picture are simple enough. The leading idea seems to be the intense blackness of the wooded steep above which the ruin stands. The architectural truth of the delineation of the lancets in the gaunt gable of the choir deserves to be noticed. The next plate is "East-Gate, Winchelsea"—a less interesting scene of ruin. This view again is by no means truthful as to its bare facts; but it manages to convey, in a most masterly manner, the peculiar general effect of that decayed town. Tall trees are growing on the walls, and the old road is shown as a mere sheep-walk. Turner was never more at home than on the sea. His "Sketch for a Sea-Piece" is truly admirable. Here we have a man-of-war riding at anchor in the distance, while a cutter almost on her beam end as she heels over under a very stiff breeze is making for her. It is wild dirty weather, and the pitch black waves are only relieved by the white of the flying scud. The sky too is wonderfully truthful and unexaggerated. The big ship, gleaming in the offing, will be to an intelligent student a perfect model of the proper conventional method of indicating a distant object. Not a spar nor a rope of the rigging is delineated which could possibly be

spared. What are given indeed are little more than barely suggested; and yet to the imagination the idea intended to be conveyed is perfectly rendered. This is the true province, and the highest success, of art. One could wish the figures away from the "Young Anglers," which is the next plate in succession. As always in Turner's landscapes, they are ill-drawn and inexpressive. Apart from them, the scene here depicted, though unpretending, is full of pictorial interest. The sluggish stream, the reeds and flags on its bank, the osiers on one side, and the rustic villa on the opposite bank, are all marvels of consummate rendering. Still more cynical in its disregard of the proprieties of figure drawing is the group of boys, engaged in putting a companion into a trough, which gives the inappropriate name of "Juvenile Tricks" to the next plate. The whole scene indeed is much below the average merit of the series; and none but the most enthusiastic of Turner-worshippers can be expected to admire the distant row of suburban houses which is discerned through the gnarled trunks of the scanty and aged wood of the foreground. Almost equally sketchy, but far cleverer in the handling of the foliage, is the "Bridge and Cows," which follows in the series. This plate, by the way, in the copy before us, is an exception to the general uniform excellence of the photographic impressions of this series. The exposure has been insufficient. In "Pembury Mill, Kent," Turner has given a weird picturesqueness to a homely enough scene of rustic life. He must have seen the mill at Pembury under some such accidental combination of light and shade, and his faithful memory has here reproduced it with the necessary modifications and exaggerations. We like infinitely better his next plate, called the "Water-mill;"—not so much, however, for the picturesque half-ruined mill in the centre as for the exquisitely drawn trees beyond the stream, and the tender distance. Mr. Ruskin has discovered unfathomable depths of meaning in Turner's "Hedging and Ditching." To us it seems merely a powerful sketch of a scene of familiar and disagreeable rustic toil. The skill with which the wild common beyond the hedge is delineated in this plate is above all praise. A far more pleasant picture is the next, the "Stack-yard;" but its chief interest arises from its consummate delineation of the leafage of the

few trees which make their appearance in the view. Almost the same may be said of the "Farmyard with Pigs;" where indeed, all the animals—both pigs and poultry—are badly drawn, and the rest of the accessories are poor and out of proportion. But the docks in the foreground and the leafage are excellent. "Marine Dabblers" is an absurd title for a most vigorous sketch of a fishing boat hauled up dry on the beach, with a rough sea and a stormy sky behind. Mark here the contrast between the black hull, with the dark flapping sail hanging over it, and the gleaming sea, with its single white sail against the leaden horizon, and the sea-gulls, which are put in just where they are wanted, to light the picture with an infallible skill. We have quite another kind of landscape in "Hindoo Ablutions." There is nothing Oriental about it, but the single tree in the foreground, and the far distance, and the hot but cloudy sky, are in their way miracles of drawing. By the "Crypt, Kirkwall," Turner means one of the ruined chapels of that abbey. This is a fine study of the lights and shadows of the receding vaults of a groined

roof, with distant peeps of daylight. The "Bridge with Goats" seems to us unequal to the rest, though we may except from the censure the trees on the left hand. Finally, the concluding plate, entitled "Sketch of Shipping," is a picture which no one but Turner could have attempted. Some five or six large ships in immediate proximity to each other, and sailing in all directions, are dashing about in a stormy sea close to a harbor-mouth, in most imminent danger of collision. But no one can examine this plate carefully without the deepest admiration for the painter's skill. For here we have real sea and real sky, each terrible in its wildness. The waves are running mountain-high, and the storm-clouds brooding to the left-hand of the picture is positively awful in its threatening intensity. Nothing more powerful than the drawing of the actual shipping of the piece can well be imagined. We conclude with repeating our congratulations to all who are concerned in this invaluable work, by which Turner's best landscapes have been brought literally within the reach of "the million."

SALT.—What proof is there of the "fact" (of the Encyclopædias) that when some criminals formerly, in Holland, were deprived of the use of salt, they perished miserably, infested with worms? Multitudes of savages in different parts of the world do not use salt with their food, which would indicate that its use is not imperatively necessary, as is commonly held. Dr. Livingstone found "When I procured a meal of flesh [after a long use of vegetable-diet], though boiled in perfectly fresh rain-water, it tasted as pleasantly saltish as if slightly impregnated with that condiment."—*Travels in South Africa in 1857*, p. 27.

Mr. Galton says, "The Damaras never take any salt. . . . We never found it a necessary of life."—P. 182. "The game in the Swadop do not frequent the salt licks as they do in America." And he adds: "I am informed that certain New Zealand tribes not only eat without salt, but actually look upon it with distaste and aversion."—P. 183.

Admiral F. Von Wrangell mentions that the natives about the Kolyma River, Siberia, "never use salt, and even dislike it."—*Expedition to the Polar Sea in 1840*, pp. 76, 377.

Mr. J. G. Kohl observes, "The Ojibbeways have a perfect aversion for salt," and that even

European traders among them came to employ "sugar instead of it" (p. 319), though a decoction of wood-ashes used to take off the insipidity of the maize cakes, "is a sort of use of salt."—*Kitchi-Gami*, 8vo, 1860, p. 322.

Mr. Catlin says: "None of these tribes of Indians (on the Upper Missouri) use salt in any way, though their country abounds in salt-springs . . . and incrustations of salt. . . . The Indians cook [boil] their meat more than we do." (Vol. i. p. 124.) He says however, that Indians along the frontier who use vegetable food, take salt (vol. i. p. 125); but this may be from imitation of the whites. Mr. Catlin also says:—

"During the ravages of the cholera . . . I was in these regions, and I learned from what I saw and heard . . . that it carried death among the tribes on the borders in many cases, as far as they had adopted the civilized modes of life, with its dissipations, using vegetable food and salt; but wherever it came to tribes living exclusively on meat, and that without the use of salt, its progress was suddenly stopped."—*Letters and Notes on the N. American Indians*, vol. ii. p. 258. 2 vols. 1841. J. P.

—*Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers's Journal.

LOVE IN A DIVING-BELL.

SEVENTEEN was just the age at which I first met Charlotte Elizabeth—*under water*. What think you of *that*, Mr. Editor? Are not such circumstances of first-love new? Permit me also to add, with my hand upon my heart, that they are moreover true.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, which was a holiday at our office in the city (although the Early-closing Movement was not so much as heard of at that time), and I was spending it in the improvement of my mind at the Polytechnic. I had sat in that stately hall, which is something between a theatre and a dissecting-room, to behold the wonders of science; I had gazed upon that wondrous apparatus for learning to swim upon dry land until my limbs were on the point of involuntarily "striking out" for an imaginary shore; and I had gazed upon the electrical eel to repletion, when a great bell was rung, and a sonorous voice exclaimed: "Experiments connected with the diving-bell." Upon this, a great rush was made from all parts of the building to that circular pond of clear green water, the excessive depth of which has always been a marvel to me. Into whose cellars does it descend? What sewers does it forever threaten with untimely flushing? From what fountains do its pellucid waves arise? Then the intrepid diver made his toilet in the presence of the company, being loaded with heavy weights, as though he were some desperate criminal, and having on his face a helmet fixed, to be presently screwed round by the assistants, a proceeding which appeared to the unscientific eye like wringing his neck. Covered with polypi in the shape of india-rubber tubing, this monster tadpole clumsily descended by an iron ladder into the pond, the bottom of which was already strewed with halfpence; after these, we could dimly see him waddle and stoop, made more hideous even than before by the watery medium—foreshortened at right angles to himself, exaggerated, disproportioned, slow—the most horrible picture of cupidity that the mind is capable of conceiving. Above him arose large and noisy bubbles; and now and then he would emerge as to his head and shoulders, and tap his metal helmet with the halfpence, to let us know—as though we had not watched his horrid movements all along—that he had picked them up. Incredible as it may appear, I was attracted towards this

amphibious pursuit of his; I felt as though I too should like to explore those airless depths, and make my business in those mighty waters. When he came out at last, like a two-trunked sea-elephant, and bowed in his repulsive manner to the spectators, I was almost afraid that he was going to offer "any lady or gent" the loan of his apparatus. I was infinitely relieved when I saw it put away in a cupboard, for now no unnatural temptation—

"Any lady or gent for the diving-bell?" exclaimed the sonorous voice. "The machine is now about to descend."

My heart came into my mouth and then retired about half-way down my throat, as I should judge. My extremities became cold as ice, as I gasped out: "Stop a minute: take me in, please do." The crowd that already surrounded the machine parted to left and right, to let me pass. There was not the least hurry, of course; but if I had not spoken at once, I should not have done so at all. I was the first volunteer for this tremendous enterprise, and an object of great public interest.

"I wouldn't do it myself for a 'underd pound," observed one gentleman, for the purpose of re-assuring me, I conclude; and a friend of his replied, "No, nor yet for two; it's what I call fool'ardy."

I passed the little barrier; I gave the manager the requisite shilling for the submarine passage; and I crept under the great goggle-eyed bell amid quite a popular ovation. A narrow seat ran round the interior of the machine; the atmosphere seemed close, even as it was, and the light was dim, although we were as yet in the land of the living. I perceived, however, a shining substance immediately opposite to me, which turned out to be a boy covered with buttons—the page of the establishment, whose dreadful trade it was to descend, I don't know how many times a day, in company with subaqueous amateurs. He had a rope in his hand that hung down from the top of the bell, and which I fondly imagined communicated with the scientific authorities, so that we could be hoisted up again at a moment's notice, by signal; but this confidence was entirely misplaced. A certain round spot with a number of little holes—like the top of a sink—was the sole ornament of the apartment in which we were; and through this was to come the air we breathed. To say that I would gladly have

got out again, and sacrificed my shilling, is to give a very feeble idea of my state of repentance. I would have given forty shillings to be once more gazing—under the light of heaven—at the least remarkable object of interest in the institution. All the crimes I had ever committed during a checkered life seemed to crowd in upon my recollection. I made the most ardent resolutions for conducting myself for the future after a different fashion—if I should only be permitted to emerge alive out of that bell. It is true that there was yet time for me to do so, for the director was still touting for passengers, but I had not the moral courage for such a step as this. I could not have descended amid the same crowd which had applauded my intrepidity, to experience its scornful jeers. I perceived the same feelings were actuating two other individuals who now joined us; they, too, cast wistful glances at the mouth of the bell, and were evidently contemplating in their minds the most salient points in their past wicked lives.

"You had better put your legs up, gentlemen," observed the page; "there will then be less chance of falling out at the bottom, when we get under water."

"Less chance!" gasped I, as I hastened to obey this suggestion. "Do you mean to say there is *any* chance?"

"Well, you must sit quite still, of course, or there's no knowing what may happen. You will be safe enough, however, like this."

We had all got our feet in each other's laps, forming quite a reticulation of legs beneath us, so that, if we fell at all, it must needs have been all together, when the director suddenly exclaimed: "By your leave, gentlemen, there's a lady coming."

"A lady coming! Where on earth is she to come to?" inquired I. There was not room for a pin's head to make its way among us, and far less a lady's.

"Is there no room?" inquired one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in my life.

"Plenty of room, miss. Legs down!" cried the conductor.

Then a bonnet appeared, with one of the most lovely faces in it you can imagine, and a look of tender appeal upon it—at finding the bell full of legs—which it was impossible to resist. I sidled nearer towards the page, in whom I had some sort of confidence, and made room for this charming creature on my

left hand. It was before the days of crinoline, but she wore some expansive gauzy garment, which, as she took her seat, flowed over all the others, and seemed to leave her alone with me and the page—who, except as a scientific assistant, I considered as nobody.

"Is there any danger?" asked she, in soft, low tones, and putting her hand upon mine in order to steady herself—for she had very little to sit upon. "I almost regret that I ventured to come."

"Oh, say not so," returned I. "Hold on to me. You may squeeze my hand as tight as you please; *that is the only way to keep yourself from falling.*"

Even in that dim bottle-green light, I saw a lovely blush steal over her damask cheek; but she *did* take hold of my hand, and held it pretty tight, too.

"What an oppression I feel about my forehead," observed she; "my brain seems on fire."

"So does mine, my dear young lady," replied I; "and my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat."

"So does mine," said she. "I am told the phenomenon happens in all these submarine excursions."

"Why, we aint off, yet," observed the page contemptuously, who had been (most unjustifiably) listening to our conversation. I should perhaps have rebuked him, but at that moment the awful bell swung out from terra firma, and we beheld beneath us the cold and treacherous wave.

"What a terrible situation!" ejaculated my fair companion.

"Not altogether," returned I, with a pressure of the fingers.

"We are leaving all behind us—or at least above us," added she, for even in that awful moment her native correctness did not desert her. "Heaven preserve us, what was that!"

A cannon appeared to have gone off immediately outside my ear, and then it went on firing a royal salute—and didn't stop then.

I trembled like an aspen-leaf, but not so much as the beautiful being who relied upon me for succor. We leaned up against one another for mutual support. With my left arm, I mechanically encircled her waist; with my right hand, I grasped half a dozen of the page's buttons. On one side of me was Poetry; on the other, Science.

"What are those dreadful guns?" inquired the young lady.

"Guns!" cried the page laughing, a laugh peculiar (I hope) to water-kelpies. "That's only the tinpanium of your ear a-busting, bless yer. It'll get wuss and wuss, and the top of your 'ed will be like to fly off, as it seems to you, before we gets to the bottom. A-comin' up, you'll like it better."

"Dear girl," whispered I, in tones of comfort, "you will find it some relief to lay your head upon my shoulder."

She did so, and I caught her broken tones inquiring what was that dreadful thing that kept beating against the bell, as though it wanted to get in among us. "I hope and trust, my good boy," said she, addressing the page with sudden animation, "that it is not that electrical eel!"

I do believe, if I had not had fast hold of that boy by his buttons, that he would have fallen off his seat into the water, in a paroxysm of mirth, and left us without any protector. "Lor' bless ye, miss," replied he, when he got breath enough to do so, "that's the beating of the hair-pump, that is: if that was to stop for arf a minute, it would be all Hookey with us in this 'ere bell."

"Hookey!" ejaculated the terrified young creature. "What dreadful language he does use!—You haven't got a waterproof coat on, have you, sir?"

I trembled as the dear girl made this extraordinary inquiry, for I thought that terror was depriving her of reason. Could she imagine that a Mackintosh would save us, ever so many fathoms under water as we now were!

"Alas, no," said I, thinking it best to humor her; "I left my waterproof coat up above, and also my umbrella."

"I asked," returned she, "because I seem to breathe nothing else but india-rubber."

Perhaps it was this peculiar atmosphere which erased her words, as it were, as soon as she had uttered them, that compelled me to keep my cheek quite close to her, to catch the precious tones.

"They pump the air through india-rubber tubes," I answered.

"How wise you are," said she admiringly; "how nice it must be to know everything."

"Very nice," said I; "please to tell me, therefore, what name you bear in the upper world. I have read of sirens and mermaids — How dare you touch that lady's dress," cried I with excessive indignation, as the scientific page made a sudden snatch at her petticoats.

"They was a-gettin' into the water, that's why," returned the youth with sulkiness. "Don't you go a-hollering at me. It's my duty to take care of all as comes down here, and I have my orders about their petticoats."

"My good boy," said I, "here is half-a-crown for you. I am sorry I spoke so loud, because water conducts sound with great facility, and they may have heard me up above. All that passes among ourselves here should be respected, as being of a private nature."

"Mum is the word," observed the page, and he winked with an air of supernatural and submarine cunning at the unconscious Charlotte Elizabeth—for it is needless to say that the enchanting young mermaid was she.

Almost immediately afterwards, we began to ascend; every instant the guns fired with less distinctness, and we became more like our usual selves. But during the few minutes that we had been immersed, I had experienced a complete metamorphosis—I had "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange; I had descended fancy free, I arose a captive to the Diving Belle.

The rest of the courtship was of the ordinary description, and terminated in the usual way.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHN BROWN.—When John Brown, D.D., first settled in Haddington, Scotland, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his

hand, saying, "My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington." "Yes, sir," replied the parishioner. "Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?" "Because, sir," said he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post." "That's just my opinion," replied the doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and me setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?" The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. "A soft answer turns away wrath."

From The Spectator.

THE SEAS AND SNOWS IN MARS.

THERE are, perhaps, no other scientific interests so absorbing as those which open glimpses to us of the possible conditions of life in the other worlds which man can never hope to penetrate, except by the sense of vision. When, about ten years ago, Dr. Whewell exerted himself to persuade us that the stellar and planetary universe is a spiritual desert, with the sole exception of the little planetary oasis inhabited by man, his hypothesis was received, not so much with incredulity as with intellectual resentment. The interest which astronomy excites half consists in the pleasure of conceiving the great variety of intellectual conditions which the observed differences of situation would introduce into the life of a human emigrant. How the wealth of moons would affect the inhabitants of Jupiter, whether it has stimulated their scientific powers, supposing them to have scientific powers, in the same proportion in which one single moon has stimulated our own,—whether the four moons figure four times as much in Jovian poetry and mythology as one single moon in ours—what effect the frequent lunar eclipses have had on their astronomical progress,—what the consequence of the enormous weight which the great bulk of Jupiter gives to both inanimate and animate bodies, may be on Jovian architecture and Jovian gymnastics,—whether the very short days and nights, of less than five hours each, tend to intellectual activity or despair, to fast or slow life, haste or dawdling,—all these questions, unanswerable as they are, are part and parcel of the acute interest with which we investigate the Jovian astronomy. Who can help interesting himself profoundly in the same way about the Saturnian rings? Do the inhabitants of the two rings (if any) communicate across the very inconsiderable distance of 1,790 miles?—a telegraph across it would not be so long as the Atlantic telegraph. Can the Ringers, as we may call them, get at the inhabitants of the ball—it is not so far from the interior ring as it is round the circumference of our own Earth—and what may be the ethnological relations of the Ring-races and the Saturnian globe-races? No doubt these are all to us insoluble questions, and yet the mere fact that we can and do put such questions to ourselves is the secret of half the intensity of interest with which we

pursue the subject. Or again, going still farther away from the centre of our own situation in the Universe—what was the secret of the delight with which the existence of double and different-colored suns moving round each other was first recognized? Surely it was the surprise to the imagination of so new a situation as the (possible) inhabitants of any planet of one of these suns would occupy. They would sometimes have, we argue, a blue day and a red day following each other, like our day and night,—the blue sun rising as the red sun set. Sometimes they would have a partially white day, caused by the mingling of the two lights, with, perhaps, a blue early morning and a red afternoon; and a double noon, as each sun separately comes to the meridian. All these complexities of outward influence would probably engender corresponding complexities of intellectual and moral culture, and the inhabitants of such worlds may be conceived with a literature and a science as far superior to our own as the variety of their physical influences is greater. And whatever new stellar fact astronomy discovers for us, the avidity with which we seize on it half depends on the assumption that there are minds like or superior to ours, to be influenced by the new conditions thus presented to our imagination; so that Dr. Whewell's cruel hypothesis, though it did not touch the interests called scientific, would, if it could be proved, rob astronomers of half the fascination of their study.

The fascination of this half-belief, of course, increases as the conditions under which distant worlds exist are known to be really akin to our own. Dr. Whewell had no difficulty in alarming men's imaginations about life in Saturn, Uranus, or even Jupiter. He showed how dismal it would be for us, how little light and heat get thither from the sun, how very little firm footing there might be in worlds with a density very little greater, or even less (in the case of Saturn, less by nearly one-half), than water. He suggested that cork worlds or wood worlds were unlikely; that probably the small weight meant fluid worlds; and so, by very skilfully appealing to the English objection to damp, he pretty effectually threw a wet blanket on the ardor of analogical reasoning in the case of the planets beyond Mars. But Dr. Whewell obviously felt himself that he had no very good case against

the existence of beings even organized exactly like ourselves in Mars. Mars, though not absolutely the nearest of our planetary neighbors, is certainly—(of course, excluding the Moon, which is in many respects a world far more different in physical condition from the Earth than the proper planets)—more within our range of observation than any other attendant of the sun. Venus, no doubt the next of the planets to the Earth going sunwards, is often nearer to the Earth than Mars, whose orbit envelopes our own, can ever be; but the difficulty of observing a planet which is so bright that all the imperfections of our instruments are exaggerated, and which, when at its nearest point to us must usually be observed at a low altitude, are so great, that we know less about Venus than about almost any other of the planets except Mercury. Mars, which can be observed, and has quite recently been closely observed by Mr. Lockyer, of Wimbledon, within the very moderate distance of about fifty millions of miles, is at present the only planet into the secrets of whose physical, as distinguished from purely mechanical structure, we can at present hope to peep. We know all about it that we know of any other planet, and a good deal more as well. We know that the day and night of all the four planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars, are nearly of equal length, and considerably more than *double* the days and nights of the more distant and more elaborately moonlit (or ringlit) planets. We know that they are, all four, much heavier, bulk for bulk, than the bigger planets, the little Mercury being much the heaviest in material of the four; we know that they all have atmospheres of greater or less density; and we know very little more about any of them except Mars. But of Mars the observations of Messrs. Beer and Mädler, in 1830, 1837, and 1841, had already given us a good deal of fresh knowledge, which Mr. Lockyer's admirable drawings, from observations made during the last autumn, have partly confirmed and partly supplemented.

Dr. Whewell's case against Mars chiefly consisted in its presumed cold, and in a general improbability argument derived from the vast number of ages during which the Earth,—which is more favorably situated with regard to heat—had remained certainly untenanted by man. Of course to the last argument there is no reply, and no need for reply,

as no one cares to believe that a planet is at this moment inhabited, but only to believe that it is prepared for the dwelling-place of rational beings. But with regard to the extreme cold of Mars, the assumption is probably quite unwarranted. A recent astronomer asserts that "water would not remain fluid even at the Martial equator, and alcohol would freeze at the temperate zones." Probably no assertion was ever less well grounded. The calculation is made on the principle that Mars is so much farther from the sun that the intensity of his rays is there only four-ninths of their intensity here. That is true. But then so much more depends on the collecting effect of a thick atmosphere than on the mere intensity of the sun's rays, that water will freeze on Mount Blanc, where the mere rays are certainly much intenser, while it is summer heat in the valleys below. Accordingly, if the Martial atmosphere be only slightly denser than our own, the diminution in intensity would be in great measure compensated. So much for *à priori* reasoning. Now what is the fact? The polar snows of Mars can be distinctly seen. A white spot of excessive brilliancy at the pole, which diminishes as the summer draws on, and enlarges again with winter, has been observed by many astronomers in Mars. How is this compatible with water freezing at its equator and alcohol at its temperate zone? Mr. Lockyer watched the south pole of Mars throughout last autumn. Early in last August the southern hemisphere of Mars would be entering on the season which corresponds with us to our May. In about a month's time, between August and September, he saw the white spot at the southern pole of Mars dwindle from about twenty degrees to ten degrees. In other words, the snow melted—for that this phenomenon is caused by the melting of the snow is scarcely doubted—from about eighty degrees south latitude up to ninety degrees south latitude, as the summer heat came on. The white spot was stationary, if not beginning to extend again before the observations ceased, nearly three months after the polar snow had begun to dwindle. This is a very remarkable confirmation, and even extension, of Beer and Mädler's observations. They noted the decrease, but no decrease so rapid as that observed by Mr. Lockyer.

Mr. Lockyer's observations are also very interesting on the forms of what we may fairly

call the oceans and inland seas of the southern hemisphere and equatorial regions of Mars. The observations are so clearly defined and agree so well in general outline, with all that have been made for the last thirty years, that it is at least quite certain that they are permanent features of the planet, and not merely bands of clouds. It is assumed that the permanent dark surfaces,—many of which, of exceedingly remarkable shapes, have now been verified again and again by successive observers,—represent either seas; or permanent rifts and chasms in the planet,—seas, of course, being much the more likely,—while the brighter regions indicate the more perfect reflection of light from the surface of continents or land,—the permanently dazzling spots being confined to the polar snows. If this be so, we can assert that several very remarkable seas,—including inland seas,—some of them connected, and some not connected by straits, with still larger seas, are now defined in the southern hemisphere, in which (as is the case also with the Earth) water seems to be much more widely spread than in the northern hemisphere. There is, for example, a southern sea exceedingly like our Baltic in shape. And there is another, and still more remarkable sea, now defined by the observations of many successive observers, near the equator, a long straggling arm, twisting almost in the shape of an S laid on its back from east to west, which is at least a thousand miles in length and a hundred in breadth, as if a channel as wide as that between Liverpool and Dublin existed in equatorial Africa, and ran inland for a thousand miles or more. The masses of land in Mars appear to be least unbroken in the northern hemisphere,—but it is long since we have had any good opportunity of observing the northern hemisphere of Mars, as its year is so nearly equivalent to two earthly years, that it continually returns into proximity with the Earth, with the same southern pole towards us. The improved instruments of the last generation have therefore been employed as yet successfully only on the southern hemisphere.

There is every reason, then, to think that human life on Mars might be very much like human life on the Earth. The light cannot be so bright, but the organs of sight may be so much more susceptible as to make the vision quite as good. The heat is probably

less, as the polar snows certainly extend further; but by no means less in proportion to the lessened power of the solar rays. The density of the rocks and geological strata is very nearly the same, and the peculiar red color of the planet has sometimes been ascribed to a preponderance of red sandstone. The weight of bodies there is nearly half what it is on our Earth, so that muscular Christianity, if it exist there, produces much greater apparent effects for the same amount of effort. The whole condensation of society may be greater, since the surface of the planet is one-quarter only of the surface of the Earth—a moral advantage, as we conceive it, to which only Americans, with their quantitative ideas of civilization, will be blind. It would appear at present that there is less sea and more land in proportion, on Mars than on the Earth; but of this we are scarcely yet competent to judge; and if it be so, this is, we fear, a disadvantage to our Martial neighbors, as the sea has always proved anything but “dissociating,” as Horace calls it, in the later stages of civilization. Finally, the Martialites (if Martialites there be) have probably no moon, but get an additional half-hour in every diurnal revolution to make up for this disadvantage, and their year is twice as long as ours; so that their thoughts and actions have probably a longer stroke, as we may say; that is, they have less temptation to be constantly taking stock of their progress.

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR JANUARY.

ELECTRICIANS enlivened their Christmas holidays by talking about Mr. Gassiot's latest experiments, which formed the subject of a paper read before the Royal Society. As the former experiments by the same persevering gentleman have been repeatedly noticed in this *Journal*, particularly those in which luminous effects were produced in glass vacuum tubes, we may with propriety take occasion to add a few particulars thereunto. Mr. Gassiot's present battery consists of three thousand five hundred cells, filled with salt water, by which he obtains an extraordinary continuity of action, and surprising effects. One of the most remarkable takes place when the ends of the wires which connect the battery with the vacuum tube dip into water.

When slightly dipped, a disk of brilliant light appears in the middle of the tube, remaining stationary, dazzling the eyes of the beholder. Plunge them a little deeper, and another disk marches out, so to speak, from the electrode at the end of the tube, and takes up a position by the side of the first; and so with every successive plunge, until not fewer than thirteen disks of light occupy the central space. This is a very striking experiment; one that fascinates the eye while it interests the mind. As Professor De la Rive of Geneva has shown, the passing of electric currents through vacuum tubes seems to afford a means for explaining the appearance of auroræ boreales and some other cosmical phenomena. Meanwhile, Mr. Gassiot is pursuing his experiments, and the visitors to his next electrical soirée may anticipate an unusual treat.

At the same meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Tyndall announced that further investigation had confirmed his views as to the relation between radiant heat and aqueous vapor. This is a subject which we noticed some months ago, when first brought forward. The meaning of it is that aqueous vapor is proved to act a most important part in the interception of radiant heat; so much so, that the said vapor in the atmosphere intercepts eighty times more heat than the air itself. From this, Professor Tyndall shows that the stratum of air, say ten feet in thickness, nearest the surface of the earth may be regarded as a blanket; for the aqueous vapor therein contained, by preventing terrestrial radiation, keeps the earth warm. As was stated on a former occasion, the perfume of flowers floating on the air serves to economize the warmth of the bed beneath. We thus see that this apparently dry subject has important relations to chemistry, meteorology, and horticulture; and we are glad to hear that Professor Tyndall is at work on a book in which the whole of the interesting question will be discussed and published.

We hear that spectrum analysis, which, as many readers know, is a beautifully refined experiment, is likely to be applied in the great wholesale hardware manufactory—Sheffield. In the casting of steel, it is essential that certain gases injurious to the metal should be allowed to fly off, and it is always a delicate question as to when they are completely got rid of. This question, it is said, may be answered by observing the spectrum of the

gas as it rises; and when the color peculiar to it appears in the instrument, then the moment will have arrived for shutting down the furnace, and running off the metal. This would be as beautiful an application of a philosophical fact to practical uses, as that of optical rotation in the preparation of sugar and saccharine fluids.

Anatomists and physiologists have long questioned as to the reason why the stomach does not digest itself during life. The gastric juice is so powerful that it will dissolve steel and other hard substances, while it is perfectly harmless upon the stomach itself; except after death, and then one part of the operation of decomposition is the eating away of the stomach by its own secretion. John Hunter was one of those who examined into the question, and he came to the conclusion that the stomach was protected by its "living principle." This is not a satisfactory conclusion for those who believe that in the progress of physiology a more definite answer would one day be found, and many ingenious experiments have been tried, in the hope of solving the question. Among the latest are those of Dr. Pavy, described in a paper read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society. Having a dog with a fistulous opening into its stomach, he introduced the hinder parts of a living frog, and the ear of a living rabbit, and found that in each case the process of digestion did actually begin. Hence, it is a mistake to suppose that the gastric juice will not act on the living substance, and the popular notion that a frog swallowed by accident or design will live for years in the human stomach, is proved to be as fallacious as popular physiological notions commonly are. Dr. Pavy has varied his experiments, testing one set of results by another arrived at in a different way, and the conclusion he comes to is, that as the blood in a state of health is always alkaline, so the alkalinity of the blood circulating through the coats of the stomach neutralizes the action of the acid, or gastric juice. And seeing that the taking of food into the stomach excites a greater flow of blood to that organ, the protection is most active at the very time that the gastric juice is poured out in greatest quantity for the process of digestion.

Some time ago, a chemist pointed out that it would be easy to detect fraud in woven goods by means of a simple test—that is, by dipping samples of the articles into a chemi-

cal solution which would dissolve all the cotton, and leave the silk or wool uninjured. It is well known that silk and woollen goods, so called, are offered for sale which contain more cotton than is fair to the purchaser, and by this method the amount of adulteration or of substitution may be ascertained. A solution of ammoniuret of copper dissolves cotton quickly; after a time, it dissolves silk also. By this means, therefore, silk can be reduced to a pulpy state; and M. Ozanam, a French chemist, taking advantage of this fact, informs the Academy of Sciences that he is experimenting as to the possibility of manufacturing silk without the trouble of spinning or weaving. The silkworm produces a soft, gummy thread which gradually hardens, and the proposal is to imitate nature, and to draw out threads of any required thickness from a mass of silk-pulp. This might be called silk-wire-drawing; and if M. Ozanam succeeds, we may expect to see silk-cloth made by a process of pouring out and passing between rollers, somewhat after the manner of sheet-lead. Other applications suggest themselves; and if the silk-pulp can be hardened on drying, it might be manufactured into ornamental and useful articles for which gutta-percha is now used. At any rate, it seems probable that the demand for silk will increase, and we observe that South America is about to add to the supply. Some of the lands along the Rio de la Plata and in Uruguay are well suited for the growth of the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant, on which one species of silkworm thrives to a remarkable degree; and the climate is so favorable, that six crops of cocoons may be gathered in a year.

The importance of the silk-trade may be judged of by a few particulars concerning the produce of Europe only. In an ordinary year, the silk-crop of Italy, including Southern Tyrol and the canton of Ticino, amounts to more than 100,000,000 pound's weight, worth, according to quality, from fifteen-pence to half a crown a pound. The total value is thus seen to be of great importance; and from that a notion may be formed of the loss arising from the silkworm disease, a disease for which no effectual cure has yet been discovered. In an average year, Lombardy alone produces 30,000,000 pounds of silk; in the year just past, the quantity was not more than 10,000,000 pounds.

The utilizing of silk-pulp will effect a great

economy, as all kinds of silk-waste and silk-rags can be dissolved, and reconverted.

Admiral Fitzroy, who has been doing the state good service for some time past by his storm-warnings at our seaports, has now published a handsome octavo, entitled *The Weather Book*, for the benefit of all classes of readers. The admiral is not covetous of a monopoly of weather-wisdom, and he tells us in his opening chapter that the reader need not expect to find "abstruse problems or intricate difficulties" in his book; that it "is intended for many rather than for few, with an earnest hope of its utility in daily life." The subject is one in which everybody is more or less interested; how should we ever get into conversation if it were not for the weather; and those who wish to devote some study to it will be encouraged by Admiral Fitzroy's assurance, that "the means actually requisite to enable any person of fair abilities and average education to become practically 'weather-wise,' are much more readily attainable than has been often supposed." Let any one accustomed to notice signs of weather provide himself with a barometer and two or three thermometers, and inform himself as to the way in which he should observe the instruments, and take their readings, and he will soon increase his knowledge of meteorology: a word which is to be understood as expressive of all that takes place in the domain of the weather. If he reads the book now under notice, he will find all the information he can desire about instruments and observatories, and the results which they ought to accomplish; about the history of the weather in our own and other countries; about the weather peculiar to the different zones of the earth; about the effect of the moon, and the occurrence of cyclones and such storms as that in which the *Royal Charter* perished.

The present season has excited much attention among meteorologists; it has been unusually mild, and yet very windy, accompanied by unusually high tides. On December 22, primroses were gathered in full bloom in the neighborhood of Penzance; and in London, the sun shone so warm on Christmas-day that overcoats were oppressive. Up to the first day of the new year, the temperature was seven degrees above the average. In Naples, on the contrary, the weather had been bitter, and in the north of Europe the frost was severe and unusually destructive, because of

the small quantity of snow that had fallen. But in other respects we did not escape: the fierce gales occasioned disasters round the coast; in Norfolk, the sea in two or three places regained its place upon reclaimed lands, and extraordinarily high tides pushed the salt water so far up the rivers that it reached some of the inland Breads, and killed thousands of fish, which were afterwards seen floating on the surface.

Bank-note forgeries, if provocative of ingenuity on the wrong side, do also inspire ingenuity on the right side; and now a new method of engraving and printing bank-notes is announced, which is said to accomplish all that can be desired as regards security. The printing is so curiously interlaced, the black with another color, that copying by photography is impossible. The ornamental part of the plates is engraved from an arbitrary matrix of very intricate design, obtained by transposition after the manner of a kaleidoscope. No engraver could imitate or reproduce such a plate unless he were in possession of the matrix, which would seem to render forgery impossible; for a banker has only to hold possession of the matrix from which his own notes were engraved, in order to defeat any schemes of imitation that may be attempted. In a busy commercial community such as ours, a method which offers security to bankers will no doubt receive consideration; and it is probable that something might be made of the practical suggestions put forward by the late A. Bradbury, whose handsomely illustrated volume showed to what admirable perfection the mechanism for engraving had been brought.

The Institution of Civil Engineers have issued their annual list of subjects for premiums. It contains forty-three articles, some of which have been suggested by the disastrous tidal irruption into the fen country above Lynn last year. For example, one of the subjects, stripped of details, is a history of the successive changes of any fresh-water channel; another is a history of any tidal river or estuary; on the modifications of the tidal wave in its passage upwards; on the construction of dams, docks, and harbors. Another class of subjects takes in the building of suspension-bridges, boring of tunnels, drainage, sewage, and water-works; on the construction of railway carriages and wagons, with a view to the reduction of the gross weight of passen-

ger and goods trains; on the means of utilizing the products of the distillation of coal, so as to reduce the price of coke. Then we have the processes of iron manufacture, and steam-engines and superheated steam; so that any competent person having knowledge and experience to communicate, may now send in his paper to the Institution above named. The highest premium is twenty-five guineas.

Among the papers to be read at the United Service Institution, we notice one on "The Means for Scientific Physical Training, and on Rational Gymnastics;" another "On the Formation of Bars at the Mouths of Rivers;" on "British Columbia and Vancouver's Island;" on "A Proposed Plan for a wholly Iron-made Armor-plated Vessel;" and on "The Future of Naval Attack and Defence."

From The Press.

A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A. Vol. II. London: Trübner and Co.

Few books are so readable as a good dictionary. A folio "Johnson" has always been a favorite resource on a wet day; and all men acquainted with literature are aware how much entertainment may be found in the quaint pages of Bailey, and in Dr. Richardson's exhaustive volumes. Exhaustive—no; the epithet is ill-chosen. The sources of language are inexhaustible; its fountains possess perennial flow. Mr. Wedgwood's book shows clearly that, with all the achievements of his predecessors, he has found much to do. Well has he done it; and upon a foggy December day we should desire no better amusement than that which his volumes afford.

Language is a living thing. The writer who works with it often finds that he has unconsciously produced beautiful and felicitous phrases, due less to his own genius than to the fertility of his material. Earl Russell once remarked, in his sententious way, that a proverb is the wisdom of many and the wit of one; concerning language it may be said that it is the concentrated wisdom and wit and poetry of millions. Every word was at first a poem. Every word is now a history. As the gold in a sovereign of Victoria's may have formed a part of some unknown coin that was current in Thebes or Troy, so the word which the English peasant uses has in

other shapes been syllabled by men who are now mummies in Egyptian catacombs, or whose bodies were burnt by the margin of Homer's immortal sea. If only we could call up the circumstances under which any given word was suddenly coined, how marvellous would be the picture! If only we could trace any word from its origin to this day—as it passed over the lips of a hundred nations—how amazing the history! The most perspicacious etymologist can but guess, vaguely and uncertainly; yet his guesses suffice to construct a science and to furnish intellectual entertainment second to none.

A few of the etyma in this volume, which ranges from E to P, may interest the reader, though taken at random. "Eglantine" is a charming word beloved by the poets; connect it with *aiguille*, a needle, and we see how the prickly sweetbrier won its name. "Farm" is from the Anglo-Saxon *feorm*, a supper: rents were originally paid by supplying the lord with so many nights' entertainment for his household, as appears by Domesday Book and other ancient records: and eventually the word which indicated rent was transferred to the land itself. "Fers" is a word for the queen at chess, found in Chaucer: the Persian was *ferz*, a general—the old French *ferge*; and this last seems to have been corrupted into *verge*—whence queen. "Franchise" and "Frank" come from those Franks who conquered Gaul; and, in charters of the year 799, *ingenuus*, *nobilis*, and *francus* are synonyms. "Garret"—hear this, ye authors who write in airy solitudes—is from the French *garite*, the strongest and last-entered part of a fortress. "Gazette" has been derived from *gazzetta*, a coin of Venice worth less than a farthing; it comes in reality from *gazza*, a magpie, whence also the French *jaser*. We presume that the souls of editors pass into magpies; and that when, riding or driving along some pleasant country road, we hear the cacophonous screams of those mischievous birds, they are vainly attempting to tell us the latest news. "Girl" has nothing to do with the Latin *gerula*, as fanciful etymologists have held, but is connected with the Low German *gôr*, a child, and was formerly applied to children of both sexes. Neither is "Glade" from *gladius*, as meaning a clear space in a wood cut with swords for the passage of an army—but is cognate with the Norse *glette*, a clear spot

among clouds. The initials *gl* and *g* are frequently equivalent: and *glade* is identical with the Danish *gade*, a street. "Gout" is from *gutta*, a drop; not indicating that the sufferer has been in the habit of taking a drop too much, but derived from the old medical theory which attributed disease to the settling of a drop of morbid humor on the part affected. "Heathen" has no ethnic derivation, but comes from the Gothic *haiithi*, the open country, being equivalent to *paganus*. "Hoyden," a word formerly applied to both sexes, is another form of heathen. "Hospital" and "hotel" are identical, though the two words have come to indicate two very different kinds of *hospitia*. "Huge" is derived from the interjection *ugh!* (from *ug*, to shudder) and means, so great as to cause terror. "Junket," a Devonshire syllabub, is from the Italian *giuncata*, a cream-cheese served upon rushes. "Laundress" is *lavanderess*, from the Italian *lavanda*, soap-suds: hence "lavender" is the name given to the favorite herb for perfuming clean linen. "Lizard Point" in Cornwall gets its name from having been a place of retirement for *lazars*; which latter word is derived from Lazarus in the parable. "Manure" and "manœuvre" are identical—*manu operare*: and, in old English, to manure signified to occupy. Thus Warner—

"The first manured Western ile
By Cham and Japhet's race."

"Maroon" is chestnut color, from the French *marron*: so we suppose the heroine of Tennyson's idyl, "The Brook," had maroon hair.

"In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within."

"Marry" is from the French *mari*, and properly should be used of women only, as it means to join to a husband. "Platform," as used in America to signify a political prospectus, is really older English than our own sense of it: thus Sharp writes of "God's pattern or platform of his dealings with all the nations of the world," and Bacon of "the platform of the conspiracy."

We have made extracts enough to show that Mr. Wedgwood's work is as entertaining as it is useful. It deserves a place in every library and when complete will be without a rival among English dictionaries of pure etymology.

From The London Review.

A FEMALE RAGGED SCHOOL IN EGYPT.*

MISS WHATELY had visited Egypt once before, as an ordinary tourist; but she went there again, and lived for a twelvemonth in her own hired house at Cairo, for the purpose of establishing a day-school, in which plain needlework and the reading of the Bible might be taught to the poor little girls of that city. The result of her labors and observations is put before us, in a very unaffected and pleasing manner, in this little book. Since "The Englishwoman in Egypt," we have not had such a glimpse into the domestic life of the native population there. Miss Whately really lived quite among them, and sought by neighborly kindness to persuade them to trust her with their children. Her chief assistance was from a Syrian Christian family who occupied the lower story of her house. The mother, Um Usuf, or "Mother of Joseph," entering very readily into Miss Whately's plan, went round with her into the lanes and alleys of the quarter to canvass for scholars, while the eldest daughter, Menni, was teacher and Arabic reader; Miss Whately, who knew only a few words of the language to begin with, superintending the school. Before the twelvemonth was out, she was able to talk pretty freely, both to the children who were gathered in, and to their parents whom she visited at home. A Syrian lady, Mrs. R——, who seems to have been an educated person, the wife of a European settled at Cairo, sometimes accompanied Miss Whately in going amongst the people. With all this, it may still be imagined that the difficulties of opening confidential intercourse with the motley folk of Egyptians, Moslem and Copt, the Bedouin Arabs, Syrians, Turks, and others, who came in her way, must have been extremely formidable; and the cleverness with which she got through this courageous enterprise, though she herself may not think much of it, will rather surprise the home-staying reader. But we know that a good will can go a good way; Miss Whately found the power to talk, when called upon to explain her proceedings, in the presence of thirteen or fourteen Moslem grown-up persons, because she had something which she earnestly desired to say to them.

*Ragged Life in Egypt. By M. L. Whately. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

With rare prudence, however, she refrained on all occasions from directly assailing the Mohammedan faith, and rather strove to assure her Moslem hearers that our Book, since they hold it as an axiom that a true Religion must be founded on a book, contains the full histories of Joseph, Moses, David, and Jesus, who are venerated as prophets by every true disciple of Mecca. When asked if she wanted to make Christians of them, she replied with a touch of evangelical diplomacy, that she was not able to do so; that to make Christians was beyond any human power, but that she would show them the truth, and leave God's word to operate on their minds,—since it was one great point in her favor, that the Mohammedans are taught to regard both the Old and New Testament with reverence, as preliminary to the Koran. Miss Whately's harmless stratagems to make the people acquainted with the New Testament may provoke a smile, but would have been an inexcusable deception if its reading had been forbidden to them. It is pleasant to see how she bribed the professional story-teller to recite, in a public coffee-house, the parables of Christ instead of the popular tale of "Abou Hassan's Slippers," while the missionary ladies, from their own windows on the opposite side of the narrow street, listened for the well-known words of St. Matthew's Gospel, to make sure that he had faithfully performed his bargain. A scene of deep interest is that of one evening on board a Nile boat, where the simple boatmen, waiting in idleness, after they got tired of their rude songs and dances, were entertained by the strange lady with the reading of "stories," being those of the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the prodigal son. They heard all this, followed by the Ten Commandments and the fourth chapter of St. John, with earnest attention; after which, one old white-bearded man, "who seemed to have the spirit of a little child, lowly and ready to learn," looked up at her, with a touchingly wistful expression, and said, "What shall I do? I cannot read, and you will soon go; I hear no more of this; how am I to know what God would have me do?" None of us can refuse to join in Miss Whately's hope that, from these few attempts of hers to scatter amongst an ignorant race the seeds of a purer morality and of a more spiritual faith than that of the

Koran, some good fruits, though unobserved, may grow.

One serious obstacle to her special work of instructing the native girls was the notion of Mohammedans that the souls of women are essentially inferior and unworthy of cultivation. To this prejudice, one of the most pernicious features of Eastern superstition, the vices of their social life are in a great measure due. Polygamy, indeed, is seldom practised by the lower classes; but the denial of female education, attended by the monstrous custom of disposing of mere children in marriage, has most degrading and distressing effects. We are told, for instance, of a little creature eleven years old, "neither in looks nor manners at all older than girls of that age among city children of the poor in England," being espoused to a lad of fifteen for a bridal gift of fourpence, which she spent in buying sweetmeats, and got a beating from her mother for so doing; in the very week before this she had stayed away from school in a huff, because another girl had torn off the arms of her doll! This shocking haste of parents to get rid of their daughters by premature matrimony is owing, perhaps, in many cases, to their scanty house accommodation; for poor Salhah, the child-wife just mentioned, is seen, in one of the woodcuts from Miss Whately's drawings which illustrate her book, actually seated upon the roof of a small hovel about the size of an English pigsty, in which her mother crouches, with no room to spare, while the father smokes his pipe outside, and the little ones crawl in the mire. One young matron, whose frank and confiding disposition soon gained Miss Whately's heart, was Shoh, i.e., "Ardently Beloved," not fifteen years of age, and still a victim of a maternal as well as of a conjugal tyranny which moved the author's compassion. On her first visit to the school, leading in her little sister, she stood listening and smiling, but thought herself, perhaps, too much of a woman to join the A B C class; she came, however, again and again, with a dirty baby and a lot of oranges; till one day, fired with a sudden resolution, she put the baby on the floor, presented the oranges to the teacher, and, seating herself on the mat at Miss Whately's feet, seized an alphabet-card, and began to pronounce the letters, that she might learn to read with the busy little maids around her. Poor Shoh! when-

ever she could get away from household drudgery, her husband being absent with his donkey on errands of trade, she would come to the foreign lady's house, "and bounce in with an air of joyous triumph," kiss Miss Whately's hands, then run to wash her own, pulling off her handkerchief to show that her plaited hair was neat, and, settling down in a corner, repeat the lessons in which she delighted. Overhearing a conversation, in which Miss Whately assured the suspicious women that her only motive for opening this school was her love for the children whom she would try to benefit, poor Shoh anxiously whispered to Menni, pointing at Miss Whately, "Does *she* love *me*?" It was impossible to resist all this, and we do not wonder that the eager, affectionate girl became a special favorite. "*Ya habeeby*, oh, yes, my dear, certainly I do love you, Shoh, and all of you. I want you to go to Heaven with me!" replied the good English lady; at which declaration we can fancy how those wild Egyptian girls, having never heard the like of it in their lives before, opened their great black eyes, and stared at the friendly speaker, as though an angel had visited them from some brighter and happier sphere.

These touches of true humanity, which abound in Miss Whately's narrative, give to her little book an interest even for those who may not reckon on much positive outward success of missionary schools in Egypt. "She kissed my child!" exclaimed a fond mother, on returning from her first interview with the stranger who had come, for such incredible objects of Christian philanthropy, to dwell amidst the neglected poor in a Moslem quarter of Cairo; it seemed wonderful to those lowly people that anybody, most of all, that a Frank and a *Sitt* or "lady" should care for them. "I believe you love God, for you love the children," said the Turkish milliner, *Sitt Haanem*, or Mrs. Haanem, as we might call her, as she sat, smoking and directing her work-girls, when Miss Whately called upon her. This logic could scarcely be disputed in the case of one who was approaching, in the name of Christ, the hearts of an alien and jealous population, with the gentle entreaty, "Suffice your little children to come, and forbid them not." Indeed, the mothers sometimes feared that Miss Whately might be too fond of their children, and carry them off to England. She exclaimed indignantly, at this

charge of being a kidnapper, "Listen O woman! we have girls plenty in our country,—more girls than we want" (which, as Miss Rye and Miss Faithfull tell us, is but too true),—why should we take yours?" This disclaimer was borne out by Shoh, testifying that she had seen pictures of Miss Whately's own *bint och* or sister's daughters, who were much nicer, prettier, and cleaner, than her young country-folk, and therefore Miss Whately was not likely to want to carry these away. An elder sister of Shoh's, likewise a married woman, named Fatmeh, her own three children having died within a fortnight, burst into passionate tears when she saw the portraits of Miss Whately's fair little nephews and nieces hang upon the wall. What less could the kind Englishwoman do than try to soothe her sorrow with the only words of universal comfort, "Dear Fatmeh, God is good!" It is for incidents such as these, full of that natural feeling which makes the whole world kin, that we are charmed with Miss Whately's humane and womanly book.

We should like to know what has become of poor Shoh, the "Ardently Beloved." She has, perhaps, since Miss Whately's departure, had rather a hard time of it, with a cruel mother and aunt, who disliked her attending the school, and who once set upon her in the

street, beating her most unmercifully, tearing her hair, and dragging her along the ground, and bidding one of the boys to bite her savagely in the arm. It may well be believed that Miss Whately had some pain in leaving these poor people, when the twelvemonth was over, after the many affecting conversations she had had with them, and the children's holiday feast in the tamarisk grove, and "the mothers' meeting," at which she bade them farewell. Her hope and promise is, that this work of charity, which she began in faith and conducted with exemplary prudence, shall not be discontinued. We know little, as yet, of the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East;" but if its counsels and operations are always guided by such a spirit as that which pervades this volume, we should be pleased to hear of its success. Difficulties, however, still greater than any of those to which she has alluded, will probably arise in any attempt to uproot Mohammedanism, and to plant Christianity in its stead, on the banks of the Nile. Meantime, we are glad that a country-woman of ours, having commenced this generous experiment, gives us, in such an interesting narrative, a genuine picture of the lower strata of social life in Egypt.

A BACKWOODS SERMON.—The Rev. J. H. Aughey, in his "Iron Furnace"—a narrative of his experience and sufferings in rebeldom—gives the following report of a sermon which was delivered by an unlettered preacher in Mississippi:—

"My brothering and sistern:—I air a ignorant man, follered the plow all my life, and never rubbed agin nary college. As I said afore, I'm ignorant; and I thank God for it. [Brother Jones responds: 'Parson, yer ort to be very thankful, fur yer very ignorant.'] Well, I'm agin all high larnt fellers what preaches grammar and Greek fur a thousand dollars a year. They preaches fur the money and they gets it, and that's all they'll git. They've got so high-larnt they contradicts Scripther what plainly tells us that the sun rises and sets. They says it don't, but that the yearth whirls round like clay to the seal. What ud come of the water in the wells ef it did? Woden't it all spill out and leave em dry, and whar'd we be? I may say to them as the serpent said unto David, 'Much larning hath made thee mad.'

When I preaches, I never takes a tex till I git

inter the pulpit; then I preaches a plain sarment what even women can understand. I never premedertates, but what is given to me in that same hour, that I sez. Now I'm a gwine to open the Bible, and the first verse I sees I'm a gwine to take it for a tex [suiting the action to the word, he opened the Bible and commenced reading and spelling together], 'Man is f-e-a-r-f-u-l-l-y—fearfully—and w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l-l-y—wonderfully—m-a-d-e—mad—[pronounced mad]. Well, it's a quar tex, but I said I's a gwine to preach from it, and I'm a gwine to do it. In the fust place, I'll divide my sarment into three heads. Fust and foremost, I show you that a man will git mad: second, that sometimes he'll get fearfully mad; and thirdly and lastly, when thar's lots of things to vex and pester him he'll git fearfully and wonderfully mad. And in the application, I'll show you that good men sometimes gits mad, for Possle David hisself who wrote the tex got mad, and called all men liars, and cussed his enemies, wishen 'em all to go down quick into hell; and Noah, he got tite, and cussed his nigger boy Ham, just like some drunken masters now cusses his niggers. But Noah and David repented, and all on us what gits mad must repent or the devil'll git us."

From The Examiner.

The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, containing an Account of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, published in or Relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invention of Printing; with Bibliographical and Critical Notices, Collations of the Rarer Articles, and the Prices at which they have been Sold in the Present Century. By William Thomas Lowndes, New Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged, by Henry G. Bohn. Parts I. to VIII. Bohn. 1857-1863.

In preparing this edition of *Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual*, Mr. Bohn has conferred a very great boon upon students of literary history and book collectors. The original work, published in 1834, was as perfect as a single hand could be expected to make it, and it is a proof of the value set upon it that for a long time it has been hardly procurable, even at an exorbitant price. A cheap reprint, such as Mr. Bohn at first proposed to himself, would have been very welcome; but, while adhering to the rule of cheapness, he has greatly increased the worth of the book by spending some five or six years in correcting many errors into which Lowndes had slipped, and in making the large additions necessitated by the growth of English literature during the last quarter of a century. All books first published since the time of Lowndes are reserved for a supplement, but new editions of old works, and often new commentaries or treatises relating to them, are carefully recorded. From these causes while the original *Manual* occupied 2,002 pages, Mr. Bohn's edition has already extended to 2,400 of about the same size, and if, as is likely, two other parts are needed to complete the alphabet, the whole work will not be comprised in less than 3,000 pages.

Yet there is hardly a waste word in the book, and Mr. Bohn has adhered, with praiseworthy strictness, to the plan of giving fully all needful bibliographical information, but of giving nothing else. In the very few cases in which he has overstepped the line and trenched upon the ground of biography or literary anecdote, he has done so to good purpose. Concerning Thomas de Quincey—who is indexed under Q because Lowndes's omission of him was not noticed until after the D portion had been printed—we are told that the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," originally in the *London Magazine* in 1822, "were

written in a little room at the back of Mr. H. G. Bohn's premises, No. 4 York Street, Covent Garden, where Mr. de Quincey resided, in comparative seclusion, for several years. He had previously lived in the neighborhood of Soho Square, and for some years was a frequent visitor to the shop of Mr. Bohn's father. The writer remembers that he always seemed to speak in a kind of whisper."

Under the name of Lord Macaulay, Mr. Bohn prints from a broadside, of which he believes he possesses the only extant copy, a curious illustration of the historian's wit, when he was counsel for Mr. Evans, one of the successful candidates in the fierce election for Leicester in 1826.

To the strictly bibliographical information afforded by Lowndes, Mr. Bohn has been careful, in each instance, to add as much as he could, and with this intent he says, "every sheet has been read over at least four times." Each volume shows that experience has suggested improvements upon its predecessors, and in perfecting the notices of the most important authors especial labor has been bestowed. Thus, the article on Newton, exceeding four pages, contains a classified list of all the editions of the great philosopher's works, supplemented by an enumeration, not only of the published biographies, but also of chief manuscript material on the subject; and ten pages are occupied with as careful a description of the Pope-literature, which Byron's praise has tended almost to double during the last thirty or forty years. Especial pains have been taken to prepare a complete catalogue of Ritson's writings, so scattered abroad, and many of them so buried in local libraries, that it is peculiarly difficult for the general student to know what he wrote and where it is to be found; and the work done by Sir Harris Nicolas, an antiquary worthy to be ranked with Ritson, but overlooked by Lowndes, is as fully chronicled. Many other men, too new to be included in the original *Manual*, among whom such authors as Dean Milman, Doctor Newman, and Professor Owen are noticeable, also have justice here done to them.

But it is to his account of Shakspeare "elaborated up to an extreme point, as a warrantable exception to all ordinary rules," that Mr. Bohn points with proper pride as "a main feature in his bibliographical labors, past, present, and to come." The informa-

tion that Lowndes found twenty-three pages enough to contain, is here so much augmented as to fill a hundred and fourteen, while the whole is so complete, and is presented in so orderly a way, that it certainly deserves to be issued as a separate work, and used by every student as a companion to Shakspeare's plays. Of the first four folio editions, published in 1623, 1632, 1663, and 1685, Mr. Bohn gives precise descriptions, including a comparison of all their principal variations, and these are followed by an enumeration of the date, size, and price, and special feature of each of the two hundred and fifty-nine editions of the complete dramatic works that have appeared during the last hundred and fifty-four years, beginning with Rowe's octavo, in seven volumes, and ending with Chambers's Household Edition now in course of publication. The various editions of selected plays or parts of plays are next catalogued; and after that comes a long list of the issues of each separate play, interspersed with many interesting fragments of literary gossip. *Hamlet* has been more than forty times printed in a detached form, most of the publications being "acting editions," some few being adapted for schools, and others being made the basis of elaborate disquisitions. In 1712 it was issued as an opera, and thirty years before that date appeared an edition in which—in characteristic indication of the taste for rant not then inconsistent enough to proclaim its own condemnation—*Hamlet's* instructions to the players are marked for omission. In 1811, in 1838, and in 1849 travesties were published of the play which it is almost blasphemy to ridicule, and in 1834 one Doctor Rush, a Philadelphian, was bold enough to print "*Hamlet, a Dramatic Prelude*," beginning with the hero's schooling at Wittenberg and ending with his arrival at court to be present at his father's burial. Of the first quarto edition of Shakspeare's drama, published in 1603, only two copies are known to exist. The one, wanting the last leaf, was sold in 1825 for £250; the other, lacking nothing but the title-page, was bought by Mr. Rooney, a bookseller, of Dublin, at an old stall, in 1856, for a trifling sum,—we believe, fourpence,—and sold by him to Mr. Boone, of Bond Street, for £70, who disposed of it to Mr. Halliwell for £120, who in his turn sold it a few years ago to the trustees of the British Museum.

Turning to the foreign part of Mr. Bohn's article, we find, as might be supposed, that the Germans have been far more industrious translators and critics of Shakspeare than any others. Of the whole collection of plays seven-and-twenty editions, not reckoning reprints, have appeared. In addition to these there have been twenty-six separate publications of *Hamlet*, accompanied with more or less copious notes and commentaries, and it has been once burlesqued. The complete series of the plays have, in like manner been published fifteen times in French, five in Polish, four in Italian, twice in Dutch, and once each in Danish, Swedish, Bohemian, and Hungarian. Still to use *Hamlet* as a test of the value set upon Shakspeare, it appears that the Dutch have access to four issues of the play as a separate work, the French to only three, the Italians to two, and the Danes, Swedes, and Bohemians to one apiece. Spanish acquaintance with Shakspeare is confined to such as can be obtained from two translations of *Hamlet* and one of *Romeo and Juliet*. The modern Greeks have access to one version of *Hamlet*, and one of *The Tempest*, and the Bengalese to a *Merchant of Venice* and a *Romeo and Juliet*, while the Russians—whose language has been misread by Mr. Bohn's transcriber—have single translations of most of the plays, but none of *Hamlet*.

Under the head of "Shaksperiana," Mr. Bohn gives more than seventy columns of information. It is not in a form very available for reference; but who could succeed in classifying the huge accumulation of wisdom and folly shown by the thousand and one commentators and critics from Thomas Rymer, whose "*Tragedies of the Last Age examined by the Practice of the Ancients*" appeared in 1678, to Mr. Bailey, whose "*Improvements on the Received Text of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works*," were noticed in our columns a few weeks ago? The Collier-controversy alone extends to seven-and-twenty English and at least seven German volumes, besides a numberless array of newspaper articles and reviews.

Besides the information on Shakspeare, the last part of the *Bibliographer's Manual*—extending from "Reid" to "Simon"—contains several articles, for the preparation of which very great credit is due to its editor. Respecting Schiller, Lowndes made only three entries. Mr. Bohn gives a full list, reaching

to nearly six columns, of all the translations and biographies published in English. English readers were introduced to the greatest of German dramatists, by Lord Woodhouselee's version of "The Robbers," in 1792, and Coleridge's masterly rendering of "The Piccolomini" and "The Death of Wallenstein" appeared in 1800. Of "William Tell" alone there have been thirteen separate renderings, many of them several times reprinted; and there have been as many independent versions of "The Song of the Bell," besides those contained in Sir E. B. Lytton's and Mr. Edgar Bowring's collective translations of the "Poems" and the detached compilations of various other hands.

The English popularity of Schiller, however, is of course far exceeded by that of his great contemporary in our own country. The editions of Scott's Poems, ranging from

splendid gift-books, adorned with pictures by such artists as Wilkie, Turner, Stanfield, and MacIse, to shilling and sixpenny pocket volumes, are too many to be counted, and his novels, in forms equally adapted to every taste and pocket, are still more popular. Mr. Bohn cannot tell how many thousand copies have in each case gone to a reprint, nor is it in his power to calculate how many hundred readers have been delighted by the well-thumbed copies in constant demand at every circulating library, but a very full account of Scott bibliography, including mention of the more important series of pencil illustrations, occupies twelve columns of the *Manual*. Among the *Ss*, the names Shelley and Sheridan, and the subjects Scotland and Shorthand, give special evidence of original research, and, as an attractive feature of the part soon to be published, Mr. Bohn promises a very careful account of every edition of every book written by and about Dean Swift.

THE REVIVAL OF SPAIN.—The material revival of Spain, of which we have had vague accounts from various sources, is established beyond question by recent official publications. An English magazine writer, who has carefully studied the reports of the Spanish Statistical Commission, gives an excellent analysis of the results of the inquiries which were instituted by that body under the direction of General Narvaez. It appears that not only has the population of the country rapidly increased (in 1857 it was 15,464,000), but agricultural industry and the railway interests have been enormously developed within a few years.

The increase of railway facilities, by affording ready access to market, has greatly stimulated the agriculture of the kingdom, while the revenue from the land-tax has kept pace with the progress of rural industry and the increase of population. In 1861 fifteen hundred miles of railway were in operation, whereas in 1848 there were but twenty-five. The common roads, too, which were formerly neglected by the government, have been extended and improved in similar proportion; two hundred and fifty-four leagues having been made between 1840 and 1855, at a cost of sixty-three millions of reals, and the whole length now amounting to eleven thousand miles. The natural result of this liberal system of communication is the opening of new districts for tillage, the creation of new centres of trade, and the increase of markets for agricultural produce.

According to the latest official returns, agriculture is the occupation of seventy-five Spaniards in every hundred, and the proportion is increasing; while the land-tax, which in the year 1846 produced but 238,000,000 reals, now brings to the national treasury an average annual income of 400,000,000 reals. The yearly production of grain is 66,000,000 hectolitres; the yield of the

iron mines has risen from nine million kilogrammes in 1797 to 41,000,000 in 1861; copper yields 2,704,000 kilogrammes, and zinc 1,853,000. The consumption of coal has increased so rapidly that the mines of the country are incapable of supplying the demand, so that the imports of this article have quadrupled in twelve years. The importation of cotton has trebled in twelve years, and the silk trade has revived in nearly equal proportion.

Spain has also developed her commerce and her mercantile navy with remarkable rapidity. From 1843 to 1860 the exports and imports together increased three hundred and fifty per cent.; and in 1860 her mercantile marine had risen to an aggregate of 19,224 vessels, measuring 2,526,508 tons—against 9,800 ships of 1,050,000 tons in 1843.

The energetic efforts of the government to restore Spain to her proper rank among the continental powers appear to have been wisely directed, and the results are already amazing. The sloth of many years has given place to a better spirit, and the process of regeneration will be watched with interest.

PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM OIL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—From a report published in a Pittsburg (Pa.) paper, it appears that not a barrel of petroleum had been landed at Pittsburg three years ago. Within that space of time 2,000,000 barrels have been delivered on the wharves of that city. The value of this quantity unrefined, amounted to \$8,000,000; when refined \$17,000,000; two-thirds of the quantity was refined in Pittsburg and its vicinity. There are sixty oil refineries in that city, in which six hundred persons are employed, and which, in buildings and apparatus, represent a capital of \$1,000,000. In these refineries 1,200,000 bushels of coal are consumed annually.

From The Spectator.

THE ARCHIVES OF THE VATICAN.*

A GERMAN student of the name of Laemmer has had the good fortune to gain admittance to the secret archives of the Vatican, and has given to the world the results of his researches in an octavo volume of five hundred pages. The documents he has selected for publication, though but a small portion of his collection, are of unusual interest. They commence with the year 1521, and bring us down to 1546. Of the value of these papers to the historian of the sixteenth century some idea may be formed from the rank and names of the writers. The selection has been made from the despatches (*nuntiatura*) of Papal nuncios and ambassadors at the different courts of Europe to the Sovereign Pontiff. As it has been M. Laemmer's main purpose to illustrate the history of the Reformation and the policy pursued by the Popes, there is scarcely an event or prominent actor during the first half of the sixteenth century that is not brought into notice in the course of these pages. Besides the negotiations immediately affecting our own country, we light upon the names of Erasmus, Melancthon, Charles V., Francis I., and Ferdinand, the proceedings of the Zwinglians, the Anabaptists at Munster, the disturbances in Hungary and Bohemia. New facts are brought to light and deficiencies in the chain of history are supplied.

It would be impossible in the narrow limits of our space to do more than notice some few of the more important letters which relate to this country; and, even here, we must restrict our observations to one topic. We pass by a letter from Cardinal Wolsey on the captivity of Clement VII., to notice the reports which Campeggio gives of his proceedings in the divorce of Henry VIII. His own letters now for the first time enable us to clear up mistakes made by historians of the Reformation, even by the latest, who have trusted too implicitly to Burnet. On his arrival in England the Legate was lodged at the Palace of Bridewell, not suffering, as Mr. Froude represents, from a "convenient," but a very inconvenient fit of the gout, which kept him an unwilling prisoner in his house. He "was carried in a chair between four persons, for he was not able to stand," as Stowe tells the

story; a statement fully confirmed by these documents. On the second day after his arrival he was visited privately after dinner by Henry, full of impatience to break off the marriage. For four hours the conversation of the king and the legate was confined to two arguments. In the first, Campeggio urged all his rhetoric to turn the king from his purpose, and induce him to satisfy his conscience and establish the succession by applying for a fresh dispensation from Rome. In the other, it was debated whether the Pope could dispense, and, granting he could, whether the dispensation was valid. "And, in fact," says Campeggio, "his majesty has studied this subject with so much diligence that I believe he knows more about it than any great lawyer or theologian." Henry gave the cardinal clearly to understand that he would listen to no other arguments than this—"was the marriage valid, or was it not?" the king always assuming its invalidity; "and I believe," says Campeggio, "if an angel came down from heaven he could not persuade him otherwise."

In his anxiety to remove some part of the odium which clings to Henry for his conduct on this occasion, Mr. Froude has advanced the extraordinary hypothesis that Catherine, with a refined selfishness, had proposed that both of them should pledge themselves to a vow of celibacy. "She seems," says Mr. Froude, "to have said that she was ready to take vows of chastity if the king would do the same. It does not appear whether the request was formally made, or whether it was merely suggested to her in private;" and then Mr. Froude volunteers a series of reflections on a supposed fact, which has no other foundation than his own imagination. The truth is, that the king, in a despatch to his ambassadors at Rome, had directed them to inquire, in the event of his being able to persuade Catherine to take the vows (a project to which she was "in no wise conformable"), on the express understanding that he would do the same, "only thereby to conduce the queen thereto,"* whether the Pope, "for so great a benefit to ensue unto the king's succession with the quiet of his conscience," would dispense with the vow in the king's case, and allow him to marry again! For a deception so base and dishonorable, heightened, if possible, by the lonely and friendless state of Catherine, whose

* *Monumenta Vaticana Historiam Ecclesiasticam Seculi xvi. illustrantia; excerptis Hugo Laemmer. Friburgi. 1861.*

* State Papers, vii., 136.

own rights, as well as those of her daughter, the husband and the father was thus attempting to subvert, Mr. Froude has not one word of indignation. From Campeggio himself we learn a little more of this scheme, and how it originated, though not in the more repulsive form it afterwards assumed from the desperation and impatience of Henry and Anne Boleyn. "On finding the king immovable, we (i.e., the legate, the king, and Wolsey) then entered into a discussion how we could persuade the queen to retire to some place of religion,—a project which pleased the king mightily. And there is certainly much to be said in its favor; among others, by so doing the queen will only lose the king's society (*l'uso della persona del Rè*), which she has lost already for upwards of two years, and will never recover it, let the matter end as it will."

It was accordingly arranged between them that Campeggio and Wolsey should break this delicate project to Catherine the next day. She received the legates with that profound respect she was accustomed to pay to the representatives of God and the Church. With the skill of a veteran diplomatist Campeggio told her that the Holy Father, out of his paternal affection and regard, had great confidence in her prudence; and, considering the extreme difficulties of her case, advised her, without pressing her rights too far, to adopt some compromise which should meet with general satisfaction, and be to her own advantage. "I didn't express what that was," says Campeggio, "but watched her to see what she would say." She guessed his meaning; made but little reply to all the brilliant inducements which the legate put forth in their most attractive shape; said she was a lone woman, and a stranger, and would beg the king to grant her advisers, and promised to see him again. This was on 17th October, 1528.

Campeggio flattered himself that he had made an impression. He even commenced a letter a few days after to his correspondent at Rome, expressing his satisfaction at his success, and was seriously thinking of venturing a little further and addressing a letter to Charles V. to use his authority with Catherine and urge this proposal, when the queen herself appeared. It was two o'clock in the day, and Campeggio, then in bed with the gout, had been prepared by Wolsey for the interview. She gave him an account of

her whole history, from the day she first set foot in England to that hour. She spoke of her marriage with Prince Arthur, "*et che da lui resto intacta*;" and, in reply to the legate's exhortation to take the veil, she solemnly protested that "she would live and die in the holy state of matrimony, into which God had pleased to call her." "She spoke this," says Campeggio, "many times, so collectedly and so deliberately, that I am convinced she will do so." She affirmed that were the whole kingdom set on one side, and the greatest tortures on the other, were she even torn limb from limb, nothing should induce her to change her resolution; and she ended by entreating the legate to remove all such notions from the mind of His Holiness. Campeggio concluded his letter by expressing his increased opinion of her wisdom; but he adds, "I am not very well pleased with her obstinacy in refusing the sound advice which I gave her."

These extracts are sufficient, we think, to disprove the supposition put forward by Mr. Froude, that Catherine herself was a party to this arrangement, much more that she was the first to suggest to her faithless consort the project that they should both embrace the religious state, and, after the fashion of married saints of the eleventh century, pass the rest of their lives in a sort of monastic celibacy. It was the object of the king and his advisers to disengage the king from a connection which had now become burdensome; if possible, by means which might, in the eyes of the world, shift the responsibility from themselves and the king to his unhappy consort. If any proof were needed how little religious scruples had to do with the matter, it may be found, we think, in a design which, Campeggio tells us, was even then in hand, and was put forward as an inducement for Catherine's compliance (to be laid aside, doubtless, as soon as its purpose had been answered), of marrying the king's legitimate daughter Mary to his illegitimate son the Duke of Richmond, upon a dispensation to be obtained from the Pope! (P. 30.) We have no intention here of criticising Mr. Froude's history. He is probably by this time better aware of its errors and deficiencies than we are. It rarely happens that any historian comes fully armed to his task, and we are not surprised that Mr. Froude's researches among original documents, in all that relates to this

momentous subject of the divorce should have been meagre, partial, and unsatisfactory. The printed materials he has used diligently; the unprinted materials he has scarcely touched.

We have not space for further extracts from this curious volume. But if any doubt could exist as to Wolsey's sincerity in promoting the divorce, it is entirely dispelled by Campeggio's letters. It was the sole engrossing topic of all Wolsey's thoughts. He was up early and late, writing letters to Rome, applying all the incentives of threats, blandishments, and promises, to induce the Pope and the legate to comply with the king's wishes. Before daybreak he presents himself at the bedside of the suffering legate, who is tormented with the gout (*non poco tormentato della gotte*), and with the less tolerable agonies of mediating between two par-

ties, each of whom he found inflexible. He is on his knees before Catherine, urging, supplicating, beseeching her to adopt more wholesome counsel. "Domine Reverendissime," he repeats in anxious accents to Campeggio, "beware lest, as the defection of a great part of Germany from the Catholic faith and the See Apostolic was owing to the unrelenting sternness of one Cardinal, it should be said that another Cardinal gave the same occasion to England." (P. 31.)

What impression, if any, this prophetic warning of the great minister left on the mind of the legate we have no means of deciding. A little more than two years after he writes to a correspondent from Cologne, "I received yesterday a packet from England, and heard of the death of the most reverend York. May his soul rest in peace! *et sic transt gloria mundi!*"

CRAVING FOR LUXURIES.—The rebel soldiers at Fredericksburg rig little boats of pieces of plank and send them across the Rappahannock to our soldiers, bearing requests to exchange coffee and sugar for tobacco or greenbacks. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says, under date of 7th March:—

"On Monday they launched quite a 'fleet' of little vessels, made out of board planks, two or three feet long, on which they rigged little sails, and then sent them on a voyage to this side. One was brought into the Lacy House, on Monday, which had sailed across from the opposite side. It was sloop rigged, with mast, jib, and mainsail, made of old cotton cloth, apparently having been once part of a man's shirt. In the sail was fastened a copy of the *Richmond Examiner* of the previous Saturday, dry and in good order. There was also a letter written with pencil, requesting our people to send over sugar and coffee, and they would send tobacco in return; or if that would not suit us, then they would send 'greenbacks' in lieu of the tobacco; or, in other words, they wanted us to sell them coffee and sugar for Union money. Both the paper and the note were handed over to the field-officer of the pickets, to be forwarded to head-quarters.

Scarcely had the curiosity occasioned by this incident subsided, when another little boat was seen to start from the opposite bank, and making a diagonal trip across the river, it 'came to' on this side, near the piers of the Commerce Street bridge. The pickets captured the prize, and brought it up on the lawn in front of the house. It was schooner rigged, with sails made of bed-ticking. The little craft capsized on the way over and wet the sails, but on examining the folds closely, a copy of the *Richmond Enquirer* was found looped inside, dry and in good order.

The same disposition was made of this paper as the other.

Both boats were broken up in full sight of the rebels, who could not fail to see by this that our officers are not very willing to hold communication with them. Notwithstanding this, however, they sent over other vessels on Tuesday, with small quantities of tobacco, with renewed requests to 'wade' and exchange newspapers."

JAPANESE ODDITIES.—One great peculiarity of the people is their mania for squatting; they seem to do everything in this position, and even when a man is plowing in a field he looks as if he wanted to squat. Their habits in many things seem to be so often exactly the opposite of ours, that it almost resolves itself into a rule that everything goes by contraries. When they cook a goose, instead of putting the goose on the fire, they put the fire in the goose, thus making a great saving of fuel. In planing or sawing a board, they plane or saw toward themselves instead of from themselves. When you go into a house, instead of taking off your hat, you take off your shoes. Instead of saying John Smith, they would say Smith John, and instead of Mr. Brown, Brown Mister. The country is rich in flowers and in vegetable productions. They have carried the art of making paper to great perfection. Dr. Macgowan showed an overcoat made of paper, perfectly strong and serviceable. In this country we have paper collars, but in Japan they go further, and have paper handkerchiefs, which are very beautiful and soft, and of very fine texture. But they are more delicate than we, in one respect. After they have used a handkerchief they throw it away, and are thus saved the trouble of washerwomen. They even weave their paper, and make what may be called paper cloth of it.

From The Spectator.

THE CAPITAL OF THE TYCOON.*

THE *Capital of the Tycoon* has but one fault—intolerable verbosity. Sir Rutherford Alcock, British Minister in Japan for five years, probably knows both the country and its capital better than any living European, and he has poured out his stores of knowledge with unreserved profusion. All things small and great, native feudalism and European discomforts, the tricks of the Tycoon's Government and the drift of English diplomacy, Japanese women's immodesty and European merchants' aggressiveness, the system of agriculture and Japanese toilettes, the policy of the oligarchy and native caricature, all are described with a fulness which leaves on the reader's mind the impression of acquiring exhaustive knowledge. The author's style is clear and simple, his mind has few prejudices, and he has a pictorial power, not perhaps great in degree, but easily and incessantly applied. His book will be read with almost excited interest by all men who have time, and they will concur with us in annoyance at the diffusive garrulity by which its permanent value has been so greatly reduced. Sir Rutherford Alcock has caught the oriental official disease. Everything is related at length, nobody is supposed to know anything, and there is as total a want of perspective as in a Chinese picture. The book almost begins with two pages about his furniture, and the Japanese habit of dispensing with chairs and tables is alluded to some twenty or thirty times in the volumes, always in lengthy and carefully worded paragraphs. Then the man's mind is full of bottled ideas. He has been thinking for twenty years with no better opportunity for getting rid of his thoughts than consular and vice-consular despatches might afford, and he has sprung at his opportunity with an eagerness almost comical. From page 23 to page 29 we have, for example, instead of words on Japan, two capital leading articles on the expediency of supplying English officials to direct all Chinese efforts at reform. Whole essays on civilization and Government might be pieced together out of these volumes, and might, for aught we know, be exceedingly valuable

* *The Capital of the Tycoon: A Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan.* By Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. Two Vols. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

to mankind. Sir Rutherford has lived many years among many and very strange races of men, and thoroughly understands the oldest social polity now existing on earth. His views on civilization, therefore, are entitled to a respectful hearing, but somehow, scattered through a work on Japan, they seem to stand between us and the subject, to suggest only thoughts which distract attention, and resemble too closely those insufferable speeches in which the chorus of the old Greek drama tries to educate the spectator's eyes.

This, however, is our single objection to the work, which is by far the best yet produced on Japan, in many departments exhausts existing knowledge of the subject, and in all creates the strongest impression of authenticity and trustworthiness. It is, too, in almost all readable, for the author's garrulous diffusiveness, his wholly colloquial tone, however wearisome on many subjects, on others rather increases than diminishes the ordinary reader's enjoyment. It is "nice" to be told minutely what one may buy in a Japanese bazaar, and if the "reflections" are tiresome, why the reader, unlike the critic, is under no law which compels him to abstain from skipping.

It is, of course, hopeless to give in the compass of a review an idea of the different subjects touched or discussed in a work so desultory and so exhaustive. Articles might be written on Sir R. Alcock's adventures, on his narrative of official massacres, on his theory of Japanese government, on his account of Japanese civilization, and each, if it borrowed freely from him, would be a contribution to our existing knowledge. But we must perforce rest content with a less complete analysis, and confine ourselves, one "reflection" excepted, exclusively to results. The entire book will leave, we think, on the mind of the careful reader just two distinct impressions.

1. Japan is the seat of an old civilization, highly organized, and very successful, but of the Pagan type. The people are fairly well off, hunger and want being apparently unknown in Japan. They are governed by laws pretty fairly administered, which ensure steady obedience, and reduce the relations of man to man to a complex but endurable form. They have made great progress in some arts, architecture and painting, agriculture and me-

chanics, erect magnificent buildings, sketch any scene in a satirical or a pathetic spirit, farm on the principle of using all the manure we waste, and have actually built a working steamer from the sight of Dutch drawings alone. Sir R. Alcock vouches for that fact, absolutely unique in the history of progress, on the evidence of his eyes. They have built mighty cities, and govern them rigidly; have constructed grand roads, and kept them in order, and have covered the country with splendid though too often fortified chateaus; have made their populace a law-abiding people, and have perfected a system of government which, in its searching despotism and minute kindness surpasses that of Venice—the only European form to which it presents even a partial analogy. On the other hand, they have, like the Chinese stereotyped their system, and, like all Pagans, have succeeded in destroying the instinctive reverence for life, the savage regard for truth, and the desire for female purity. If a common man kills a common man, even by accident, he is executed, Japan not desiring murder; but Yeddo is crowded with bravoes who, for anything Sir R. Alcock could detect, take human life at will.

“These are the classes which furnish suitable types of that extinct species of the race in Europe, still remembered as ‘*Swashbucklers*,’—swaggering, blustering bullies; many cowardly enough to strike an enemy in the back, or cut down an unarmed and inoffensive man;—but also supplying numbers ever ready to fling their own lives away in accomplishing a revenge, or carrying out the behests of their chief. They are all entitled to the privilege of two swords, rank and file, and are saluted by the unprivileged (professional, mercantile, and agricultural) as *Sama*, or lord. With a rolling straddle in his gait, reminding one of Mr. Kinglake’s graphic description of the Janissary, and due to the same cause,—the heavy projecting blades at his waist, and the swaddling-clothes round his body,—the Japanese *Samourai* or *Yaconin* moves on in a very ungainly fashion, the hilts of his two swords at least a foot in advance of his person, very handy, to all appearance, for an enemy’s grasp. Such a fellow is a man to whom all peace-loving subjects and prudent people habitually give as wide a berth as they can! Often drunk, and always insolent, he is to be met with in the quarters of the town where the tea-houses most abound; or returning about dusk from his day’s debauch, with a red and bloated face, and not

over steady on his legs, the terror of all the unarmed population and street-dogs. Happy for the former, when he is content with trying the edge of a new sword on the quadrupeds; and many a poor crippled animal is to be seen limping about slashed over the back, or with more hideous evidences of brutality. But at other times it is some coolie or inoffensive shopkeeper, who, coming unadvisedly between the ‘wind and his nobility,’ is just as mercilessly cut down at a blow.”

The people cannot seize these men, and the police are afraid of the lords whose insignia the bravoes wear, and of the *camaraderie* which induces them to avenge each other at any cost. Life under such circumstances is not pleasant for the nine parts of society who are not *yakonins*, the populace, even in Yeddo, for example, always dreading to go abroad after dark. Then every law is enforced by death, and the people are drilled by terror into an abject obedience, of which Sir Rutherford Alcock gives one amusing, and many very shameful examples.

As for purity, the Japanese have adopted the oriental idea that the value of chastity is not moral but social, as preserving the family bond, and have carried out that theory to its logical conclusion. The wife who commits adultery is put to death, but with this single exception license is unrestricted. Girls are sold by respectable parents for a few years of prostitution, then marry, pass under a strict law of chastity, and are received as modest and excellent members of society. Men seem under no restriction whatever. Prostitution is legalized, the pictures of leading prostitutes are exhibited in the great temple, “to honor them,” and the whole land teems with a half-grotesque obscurity. Sir R. Alcock seems to doubt whether, after all, the women are not modest, and no doubt the habit of bathing naked in public does not prove the contrary. The notion that modesty is matter of clothes belongs only to cold climates and to very recent times, the lower classes of Italians, for instance, till lately sleeping naked, and the Burmese, whose women are, on the whole, perhaps, the purest in Asia, being as careless in the matter of bathing as Japanese dames. But the rule about unmarried girls is fatal to the very existence either of modesty as a habit, or chastity as anything but a social convenience, and must gradually brutalize society by destroying the possibility at once of real love, of healthy passion, and of

instinctive respect for womanhood. Society can exist, and repeatedly has done so, without chastity; but it cannot improve without it, or develop any of the higher and more complex advantages which should belong to high civilization. The extraordinary filth of Japan, too, which so permeates society that children's toys and schoolbooks must be carefully scrutinized before they are sent to England, must tend to keep up the passions at a level very fatal to the physical or mental development, even of orientals. Then as to truth, the Japanese lie habitually, without any sense of shame, officials, for example, when taxed with falsehood, remarking that their business is to obey orders, not to tell truth. To this day it would seem almost certain that the legal sovereign has never even heard of the European treaties, which he is officially held to have ratified, and no statement whatever from a Japanese official can be trusted, unless confirmed by circumstantial or other evidence. A civilization which produces no personal manliness, no respect for truth, no reverence for human life, and no sense of the value of sexual purity, must be held to have failed in most of the objects for which human society exists.

2. The Government of Japan, apparently one of unparalleled complexity, is really simple, being an oligarchy complicated only by the efforts of the central Government to reduce it to something like civilized order. There was and is but one king, the Mikado, originally a powerful sovereign, but now kept—much like the long-haired Merovingians—a state prisoner in his own palace, yet invested with some legal power and excessive traditional respect. He has, like those Merovingians, a mayor of the Palace, the Ziogoon, or Tycoon, who has a right apparently to all authority, but who practically passes his life in maintaining a system devised to keep the great nobles in order. These latter are the real rulers of the country, governing their estates with absolute power and by sheer brute force, their revenues from the soil enabling them to keep up small armies of soldiers, through whom they oppress or govern the provinces around them. Sir R. Alcock publishes in an appendix a kind of Japanese peerage, giving the revenues, fortresses, and official position of all the greater peers. There are twenty-three of these Daimioss, whose revenues range from £115,000 a year to £769,-

728, of whom seventeen are more or less independent, and some dozens of smaller magnates, ranging from the lower sum down to seven and eight thousand a year. The greater magnates maintain a council around the Tycoon, and it is by the fluctuations of opinion in this council that the "haute politique" of Japan is really carried on. There is no party, Sir R. Alcock inclines to think, in favor of the admission of foreigners, but one is afraid of their hostility, and the other is not. The former granted the treaty, as they thought, under menaces, but they, from the day the council discovered that Europe would not go to war without cause, the latter, or Conservative party, has been rapidly gaining ground. It is this party which succeeded in isolating the British settlement at Yokohama, which encouraged the various attempts at assassinating foreigners, and which has now broken up Yeddo, and apparently transferred the nominal government to the powerless hands of the Mikado and all real power to their own. Its secret object, thinks the British minister, is so to disgust Europeans that Japan may return to its old isolation with new guarantees for retaining it an perpetuity. This party will never be favorable to foreign commerce, which they have intelligence enough to perceive would ultimately emancipate their people, unless, indeed, they find it excessively profitable to themselves. Hitherto, they have not found it so, the Tycoon absorbing all the duties, of which part belonged to the nobles, and intriguing to prevent open ports in territories under the immediate government of the peers. It is with this class our Government will ultimately have to deal, and the whole narrative leaves the impression that Japan is only to be opened in one of three ways—the re-assertion by force of the Mikado's original power, using him as we used the Mogul; the conquest of the country; or alliance with two or three of the greater princes. The latter course would be the easiest, while the first will probably be the one ultimately adopted, if not by us directly, at least by our Anglo-Chinese allies.

We have noticed one "reflection" made by Sir Rutherford Alcock as deserving more than a passing word. We allude to chapter xi., which though devoted to Japanese affairs is really an able essay on the feeling of Asiatics towards Europeans. It would be difficult to

find in English a clearer or more satisfactory account of the true relation of Asiatic and European.

"The rapid growth and progress of modern nations in Europe has left Asia so far behind, that the elder race has become as a child in the grasp of the younger, and incapable of any effective resistance in actual conflict. There is a dull consciousness of the fact in the Asiatic mind, and of the giant power wielded by the younger and still despised branches of the great human family. And only thus is the collateral fact to be accounted for, that no people or nation of Asiatic blood ever yield to the superior strength of the European, without a dogged and determined resistance, and a struggle often continued long after all hope of final success must have died out of their hearts. Like the Greeks of the Byzantine empire, and later, the polished but effeminate Italians of the middle ages, the Chinese and Japanese are brought in contact with races surging in upon them from unknown lands beyond the outer limits of their civilization—barbarians, in a word, far superior to themselves in bone and thew and sinew, in prowess and military tactics, but still barbarians, and thus *superiors* in all that constitutes superiority in *their* estimation: in knowledge of their language, literature, religion, and philosophy—the only religion or philosophy they recognize as having a real existence or value. As Goths and Vandals could trample down and sweep before them any array of the effeminate Byzantine court could marshal in the field, so can we the hosts of China or Japan, though the latter makes pretensions to be considered warlike. But the result is

still the same. The triumph over their weaker frames and their ignorance of arms does not command any respect, or *mental recognition of superiority*. They bend their necks to superior force, but harden their hearts, and console themselves under defeat, by hoarding in secret a cumulative and rankling contempt for their conquerors."

There are exceptions to that rule, the Bengalee, for example, never having struggled at all; but it is only from an overwhelming sense of physical power of the stranger. The very man who crouches and fawns to the Englishman, and borrows his ways and acquires his learning, still holds that the Bengalee and not the European is the really civilized man. "God," said an old pundit to the writer one day, "has enabled you for some mysterious purpose to conquer the world, and sell cotton, and make penknives; but what else can you do?" In Japan the past and the present are more closely linked than in any country in Asia, except, perhaps, Arabia, and the Japanese, therefore, scorns while he dreads the intrusion of the foreigner, who with dissonant habits and ways which seem to him savage, wants to teach him as well as control. That is *the* root of bitterness, and the fact that Sir Rutherford Alcock has detected it under all the forms in which Asiatic politeness addresses a great official, speaks as well for his judgment as the rest of his book for his powers of observation.

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.—These men carry on their profession in the streets of the city also, where there is space available. A mat is spread on the ground, with a stick fixed at each corner, around which a strip of cloth is cast to form an enclosure for the fortune-teller and his hen, which is in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box containing a number of very small rolls of paper with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a long row of fifty or sixty small pasteboard envelopes, which also hold single characters, or the divination sentences. A little board painted white, for writing on, and the "inkstone" and pencil are at hand ready for use. An inquirer who wishes to consult him, squats down on his heels outside the enclosure, pays three cash (half a farthing) and tells his story, stating what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, which having done, he hands it to the man, who unrolls it, and writes its contents on the board. He then opens the door of the cage, and the hen marches

forward to the row of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitively, she picks out one and lets it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are thrown into the cage and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the characters inside also written on the board, from the two inscriptions on which the consultant's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbiter of fate, incapable of moral motive in the selection of the roll, and is therefore supposed to give the decree of fate, without the possibility of collusion, or misinterpretation of any kind.—*The Medical Missionary in China.*

TRADITION THROUGH FEW LINKS.—I have recently met a gentleman, whose mother died at Bath in 1822, at the age of eighty-eight. She had talked with a woman, who, when a child, had seen the dead bodies on the field of Lansdowne in 1643.

M. N.

—*Notes and Queries.*

From The Spectator, 21 Feb.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

THERE are crimes, as there are acts of beneficence, which are possible only to kings; and Frederick William of Prussia is about to commit one of the basest among them. Unless a statement believed in every capital of the Continent be a simple invention, he has leased out a national army to butcher a people with whom neither that nation nor himself have, or profess to have, any cause of serious quarrel. He has entered into a convention with the Government of St. Petersburg containing two stipulations. By the first, he surrenders the first privilege of an independent State—the right of asylum, Russian soldiery being authorized to hunt Poles within the Prussian frontier; by the second, he turns *condottiere*, engaging, of course for a price, on the demand of the Czar, to advance his army and crush a growing rebellion within the Russian dominions. Both agreements seem already in partial process of execution; Russian soldiers daily traversing Prussia in full battle array, and an army of eighty thousand men being organized on the frontier with the equipments required only for immediate service. Prussia has, in fact, without cause or provocation, or inducement other than reward, declared war upon helpless Poland.

We must recall the antecedents of this affair before we can understand the baseness to which a legitimate king can descend. Not six weeks since, the people of Poland were living, unhappy, it is true, but still in quiet obedience, when the Marquis Wielopolski was inspired with a diabolic idea. If the whole youth of the middle classes could be arrested at once, and transported for life to the Caucasus, the independence of Poland would be at an end forever. The nation would be emasculated at a blow. The poor Faust to whom the Marquis acts as Mephistopheles, the Archduke Constantine, embraced the idea, the Czar gave a possibly reluctant approval, and on the 22d of January an effort was made to carry out the decree for kidnapping the flower of a nation. The unhappy Poles fled to the woods, and being massacred for flying, took arms. Aided by the universal support of the people, by the hatred Russian tyranny has inspired even in Russians, and by a spirit of heroism which induced two hundred lads at Wengrow to

offer themselves to death that Poland might save the nucleus of an army, they shook even the vast organization of Russia. It seemed probable that they might hold out till March, and then be aided by an enormous movement expected within Russia itself. There was hope then even for Poland, and the knees of every oppressor in Europe shook with a novel fear. If that unhappy country, mutilated and dismembered and bound, could resist a sovereign whose armies almost outnumber her males, no oppression however organized or however ancient, could be considered safe. With a rare judgment, which proves like so many other incidents, that the fire of their long suffering has at last annealed the Poles, they abstained from violating Prussian territory, or, as they hoped, from giving cause of offence to Prussia. They forgot that their chance of freedom was in itself the highest offence, and the court of Berlin resolved to teach them their error. They resolved, that knot of old martinets, middle-aged squireens, and dandy diplomats who surround the sergeant-major king, to bring the vast strength of an army, organized to keep back the French, against the unhappy Poles. The odds are already sixty to six, but what then?—Who gives odds to vermin, or justice to men whom kings fear? The Prussian army may succeed where the Russian army has failed, and the soldiery, once inured to the delights of plunder and blood, will be in a mood in which it may be safe to let them loose upon over-liberal fellow-citizens. The wretched Poles who have fled from a conscription into the morasses are to be massacred by conscript Germans, who, but for Polish self-sacrifice, might at this hour have been the serfs of Mussulman lords, and who, patient as they are, would have punished a crime such as that which Poland resisted by destroying a dynasty. Imagine Germans half in revolt for their right to tax themselves forced to shoot down Poles because they object to be kidnapped against the law! And they are to do this solely in order that a small knot of men, using the name of their king, may be more completely prepared to deprive themselves of the few liberties they have acquired.

It is useless to resort to strong words to denounce a transaction such as this. No language however trenchant, no invective however fiery, could add one iota of force to the simplest state-

ment of facts. There have been soldiers sold before, but even the wretched Hessian who handed his conscripts over to England for so much hard cash per head, believed that his troops would be used in battle, not employed as mere executioners. Russia, who by a strange irony of fate now undergoes the humiliation she inflicted, committed an equal crime in invading Hungary; but at least she struck at a regular and a victorious foe. The gallant Prussians are to be sent to hunt down wretched lads armed with scythes, strong only in their despair, and the pitying friendship which, spite of themselves, has invaded the ranks of their oppressors. It is useless in such a case even to scorn, but we may ask whether the Western powers intend to suffer their laws, as well as those of the Almighty to be openly set at defiance. For nearly six years they have enforced, as the cardinal law of Europe, the principle of non-intervention. If a government, however tyrannical crush a people however feeble, that is no business either of its allies or its foes. It is a measure of internal policy, no more to be commented on than the decree which sends a French journalist to die by slow torture within the tropics for an over-sarcastic squib. But then the government must act for itself—show that it can at least command strength sufficient to maintain order, that it need not purchase allies to perform the work of internal police. The day a second power steps in the question becomes European, and the governments which, with some shortcomings, still respect humanity and civilization, have as clear a right of speech and action as the powers which have declared open war on both. From the day Prussia officially intervenes, England and France are entitled to intervene also; if not by open force, at least by that open expression of opinion which, as it reverberates through Berlin and St. Petersburg, will encourage every honest man to denounce the crime in which he is made by his rulers a reluctant accomplice. It is the fashion to sneer at moral force when exerted by nations, and doubtless opinion has little power on natures capable of acts such as those the Prussian Government has apparently bound itself to perform. But there are good men in every country well inclined to resist oppression, from whom foreign sympathy removes their one fear—the sense of isolation, and by encouraging them to speak out, enables them to

discover how many they really are. Great Russian nobles protested against the Warsaw conscription. Great Russian families are countermanding orders for travel, ashamed to face the opinion they know their master has outraged. The Prussian Chamber still contains a majority anxious to claim and keep the moral headship of Germany. A vehement protest from England would bring out all these elements of resistance, perhaps bring into the field an actual physical force. By a strange concurrence of circumstances the third of the powers who robbed Poland has become doubtful of the expediency of that successful crime. It has brought Russia too near her throat, and Austria, which has so governed Galicia that it at least does not rebel, looks with no fear at an insurrection which must weaken a dreaded ally, perhaps overthrow the prospects of a deeply detested rival. A protest from England, a menace from Austria, a hint from France as to the Rhine, and the Prussian Government, energetic only when evil is to be safely done, might recoil from intervention, and leave Poland to fight out her battle with her old household foe. Delay is all that is required. If in the spring all Russian society is not dissolved by internal forces, if April finds regular Russian troops still hunting maddened Polish insurgents, Poland must resign herself to the doom which her death would not avert. But, if, as we half believe, foreign action will in March become impossible, even to the Czar, if the Poles, holding out amidst their morasses, stimulated by a suffering which benefits them because it arrests despair, are at last offered terms, the face of Europe will be changed, and the permanent peace of which men dream be one step nearer to possibility. But one great internal revolt, the uprising against the Turks, will then remain to shake Europe, and end, by completing, the great struggle for life which we call the new revolution. Surely, if either our principles or those of France, the right of freedom, or the claim of the nationalities, be more than the merest words, the Western powers are bound to hold back the Government which, in full police uniform, is rushing to assist, not arrest the ravisher. Nobody questions the right of Prussia to defend her own property, however badly acquired. If Posen rebels, crush Posen; if Poland attacks, march on Poland; but to lease out an army to crush strangers who have only asked an asylum is an act as fatal to the European system of polity as to the repute of the Hohenzollerns. They acquired their share of Poland by a theft. Are they now to be permitted to hang the victim, because he claims from an accomplice some small share of what was once his own?

From The Saturday Review.

HUGH MILLER'S TALES.*

THE character of the late Hugh Miller was a very uncommon one. Force of will was its principal element; but the power of forming a strong purpose was not Miller's highest endowment. He showed, when still far too young to estimate with accuracy his capacities and chances in life, an unstained loyalty to honest freedom, and an instinctive abhorrence of a divided intellectual allegiance. Self-education is probably, at the best of times, a great deal harder thing than most of us are disposed to imagine. But to begin self-education by closing up what at the moment appeared to be the readiest, if not the only, avenue towards it, and deliberately to go to work in the quarry instead of preparing for college, was a deed of heroism. Nor did this blameless allegiance to truthful action go unrewarded. In due time, the young quarryman was able, from a more congenial standing-point, to carry out schemes of mental development very far beyond any which would have been within his reach had he yielded, in early days, to the wishes of his friends, and taken orders in the Kirk.

But Hugh Miller's intellect, however vigorous and acute, was not of so uncommon a type as his moral character. His activity and success were indeed prodigious. These posthumous *Tales and Sketches* make the eleventh of a long series of volumes produced by his pen during a busy lifetime prematurely cut short. By a recent advertisement, we were informed that their aggregate sale had reached no less than eighty thousand copies. But, taken as a test of merit, this high figure tells little or nothing. Like many other successful authors, Hugh Miller in reality considerably over-wrote himself. Gifted with great perseverance and great powers of observation, materially aided by his long practical familiarity with external nature, he had it at one time within his reach to become a first-rate scientific man. But he had the misfortune, for to him it was a real misfortune, to be appointed editor of a public journal—the *Witness*; and the distractions attending the duties of that office effectually stood in the way of his ever acquiring the solidity and depth indispensable to a position in the front

ranks of science. Besides this, his power of imagination was singularly small. Some of the *Tales and Sketches* before us, and many portions of his other writings, especially of the *Testimony of the Rocks*, show the exercise of a certain kind of fancy, but in the higher endowment of imagination Hugh Miller, in common with so many of his compatriot authors, was almost entirely deficient. Charles Lamb remarks, that to tell a story imaginatively is to be so acted upon by your subject that it shall seem to direct *you*, not you to have arranged it. In these *Tales and Sketches* all is arrangement—all is effort. The editor informs us that the greater number were composed literally over the midnight lamp, after returning late in the evening from a long day's work with the ledger and balance-sheet. And we can well understand, from internal evidence, that this was the case; only wondering that, under such circumstances, republication should have been thought advisable.

None but a thoroughly unimaginative writer could have composed the first two papers in this series. They are entitled "Recollections of Ferguson," and "Recollections of Burns," describing several imaginary conversations supposed to have been held between each poet and a "Mr. Lindsay," who is, of course, understood to sustain the part of Hugh Miller. At one point in the "Recollections," Burns and his companion are represented as following the course of the river Ayr on a lovely summer's afternoon, when Burns is made to deliver himself thus:—

"'Can he be other,' he said, 'than a good and benevolent God, who gives us moments like these to enjoy? O my friend, without these Sabbaths of the soul, that come to refresh and invigorate it, it would dry up within us! How exquisite,' he continued, 'how entire the sympathy which exists between all that is good and fair in external nature, and all of good and fair that dwells in our own! And oh, how the heart expands and lightens! The world is as a grave to it—a closely covered grave; and it shrinks and deadens and contracts all its holier and more joyous feelings under the cold earthlike pressure. But amid the grand and lovely of nature—amid these forms and colors of richest beauty—there is a disinterment, a resurrection, of sentiment; the pressure of our earthly part seems removed; and those senses of the mind, if I may so speak, which serve to connect our spirits with the invisible world around us,

* *Tales and Sketches*. By Hugh Miller. With a Preface by Mrs. Miller. Edinburgh: Black. London: Hamilton and Co. 1863.

recover their proper tone, and perform their proper office.”

There is no more reason for putting talk of this kind into the mouth of Burns than of anybody else. It is certainly not the kind of reflection with which Burns may be supposed to have accompanied his “gloamin’ shots at the Muses” on the banks of the Nith at Elliesland. The fact is, that the writer was incapable of that peculiar effort of mind which enables it to project itself beyond its own sphere, and to conceive of circumstances and characters wholly distinct from itself. Being powerfully impressed by admiration for Burns’s poetry, Hugh Miller, nevertheless, completely failed in understanding the poet. What he did was to write down a number of his own reflections, going through the form of putting them into the mouth of Burns, and then persuading himself that they might have proceeded from that mouth. The illusion reaches a culminating point in the following passage, where Burns is described as coming suddenly on a girl to whom he was attached :—

“A little grassy platform that stretched between the hanging wood and the stream was whitened over with clothes, that looked like snow-wreaths in the hollow; and a young and beautiful girl watched beside them.

“‘Mary Campbell!’ exclaimed my companion; and in a moment he was at her side, and had grasped both her hands in his. ‘How fortunate—how very fortunate—I am!’ said he; ‘I could not have so much as hoped to have seen you to-night, and yet here you are! This, Mr. Lindsay, is a loved friend of mine, whom I have known and valued for years—ever, indeed, since we herded our sheep together under the cover of one plaid. Dearest Mary, I have had sad forebodings regarding you for the whole last month I was in Kirkoswald; and yet, after all my foolish fears, here you are, ruddier and bonnier than ever.’”

The notion of the man who wrote,—

“Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly—”

meeting a girl of whom he was fond, with “How fortunate—how very fortunate—I am,” is more than enough to justify all that we have said above about the writer’s failure to conceive a mind quite of another cast than his own. Hugh Miller was a geologist. As a geologist he first attracted the notice of really eminent men, like Sedgwick and Mur-

chison; and as a geologist, not a man of *belles lettres*, he will go down to posterity. We cannot but regard it as an indiscretion, to say the least of it, which permitted these crude and uncongenial results of his early literary efforts to see the light in a collected form.

The “Recollections” are followed by seven short tales, not one of which would attract notice in the *Cornhill* or *Macmillan’s Magazine*. But these are succeeded, and the book is in great part redeemed by a long concluding paper called, “The True Story of a Scottish Merchant of the Eighteenth Century.” It is a narrative of the life of William Forsyth, who for about half of the last century was chief magistrate, principal inhabitant, and *factotum* of Cromarty, the author’s native town. On the thread of this biography there are hung a large number of extremely interesting details relating to the origin of modern modes of commerce and modern social usages in Scotland, which country, about a hundred and fifty years ago, was beginning slowly to recover from the state of depression in which it had been sunk during the greater part of the century preceding. When Forsyth settled in Cromarty, about 1740, this was the condition of things there :—

“The herring-fishery of the place, at one time the most lucrative on the eastern coast of Scotland, had totally failed, and the great bulk of the inhabitants, who had owed to it their chief means of subsistence, had fallen into abject poverty. They seemed fast sinking, too, into that first state of society in which there is scarce any division of labor; the mechanics in the town caught their own fish, raised their own corn, tanned their own leather, and wore clothes which had employed no other manufacturers than their own families and their neighbor the weaver. There was scarce any money in the district; even the neighboring proprietors paid their tradesmen in kind; and a few bolls of malt or barley, or a few stones of flax or wool, settled the yearly account.”

He had, however, the wit to perceive that, though a tradesman would be sure to sink in a district of this kind, yet a merchant might find it to be a field worthy of his attention. He went actively to work, buying a freight-boat to navigate the Firths of Dingwall, Dornock, and Beaul, that led away far into remote parts of Ross and Sunderland, and hiring a large shop for trading with Holland and the commercial towns of the south. In

a short time the whole country side was astir ; and so strong an impulse had been given to business operations, that even the shock of the '45 Rebellion produced only a temporary derangement. Meanwhile, Forsyth, who must have had a genius for governing, managed to keep the town and neighborhood in order and in good humor by administering a species of excellent, though homegrown, law :—

“ For more than thirty years after his appointment he was the only acting magistrate in the place ; and such was the confidence of the townspeople in his judgment and integrity, that during all that time there was not in a single instance an appeal from his decisions. In office and character he seems to have closely resembled one of the old landammans of the Swiss cantons. The age was a rude one ; man is a fighting animal from very instinct, and his second nature, custom, mightily improves the propensity ; and nine-tenths of the cases brought before Mr. Forsyth were cases of quarrels. With the more desperate class of brawlers he could deal at times with proper severity. In most instances, however, a quarrel cost him a few glasses of his best Hollands, and cost no one else anything. The disputants were generally shown that neither of them had been quite in the right ; that one had been too hasty, and the other too ready to take offence ; that the first blow had been decidedly a wrong, and the second unquestionably a misdeed ; and then, after drinking one another's health, they parted, wonderfully pleased with the decision of Mr. Forsyth, and resolved to have no more fighting till their next difference. He was much a favorite, too, with the town's boys. On one occasion, a party of them were brought before him on a charge of stealing green pease out of a field. Mr. Forsyth addressed them in his sternest manner. There was nothing, he said, which he so abhorred as the stealing of green pease—it was positively theft. He even questioned whether their parents did right in providing them with pockets. Were they again to be brought before him for a similar offence, they might depend, every one of them, on being locked up in the Tolbooth for a fortnight. Meanwhile, to keep them honest, he had resolved on sowing a field of pease himself, to which he would make them all heartily welcome. Accordingly, next season the field was sown, and there could not be a more exposed locality. Such, however, was the spirit of the little men of the place, all of whom had come to a perfect understanding of the decision, that not one pod of Mr. Forsyth's pease was carried-away.”

The finest trait in Forsyth's character re-
THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE: 999

mains yet to be told. Quite late in his life, and when he had long been accustomed to be regarded as the leading potentate of the neighborhood, the estate of Cromarty was bought by the famous George Ross, an army agent who, after amassing a large fortune in England, returned to his native land to do more for its trade in the last fourteen years of his life, than most men are able to do in forty. He began by setting up in Cromarty a manufactory of hempen cloth, which has ever since kept constantly employed, outside and in, about six hundred persons. He next built an extensive brewery, with the double object of finding the farmers a market for the staple grain of the country, and damaging the markets of the smugglers. He then furnished the town with an excellent harbor, and started a pork trade, which reached the extent of nearly twenty thousand pounds annually. A nail and spade manufactory and a lace working establishment were also set on foot ; but his great pride was a reform which he achieved in agricultural matters. Finding his tenantry averse to all new-fangled notions on the subject of rearing wheat, he took a large farm under his own management, and conducting it on the most approved principles of modern science, he read a profitable lesson to Scottish farmers generally. However valuable an acquisition such a man as this must have been, Forsyth might easily have been forgiven a little jealousy on his first arrival. It was almost a change of dynasty ; the elder tutelage of Cromarty was called on to accommodate himself to a new order of things. But this large-minded merchant was equal to the occasion. Every scheme of the agent found a seconder in him. He took shares in the hempen factory ; and, catching the agricultural mania, he rented a farm and went thoroughly into the theory and practice of cultivation under the guidance of his new neighbor.

This excellent man's life and influence are described in a very interesting way. Forsyth and Hugh Miller resembled one another in this, that each possessed that astonishing degree of energy and perseverance which sometimes of itself amounts almost to genius. And, while protesting against this fresh instance of a deceased writer's papers being ransacked to the uttermost leaf, we own that we should have been sorry to miss the tribute of cordial admiration so well paid in this memoir.

From The Spectator.

THE WORLDLY WISDOM OF BACON.*

THE meanness of Bacon, spoken of in the bitterest line of one of the bitterest poets, contrasts so strangely with the elevation of Bacon's genius, that even they who cannot get rid of the impression left upon their minds by his conduct to Essex remain perplexed by the apparent enigma. To us it seems that the peculiar character of his extraordinary worldly wisdom has not been sufficiently considered, and that we require a more careful analysis of his absorbing speculative turn, on one hand, combined, on the other, with the momentous period of English history in which he lived, and the personal interest which the position of his family at court gave him from his earliest youth in all the intrigues of those turbulent days, before we can pronounce with justice upon Bacon's character. It is to the personal and almost familiar relations in which he stood to the queen and the court that we must look, if we would understand the peculiar vitality, the almost microscopic universality of his insight into human motive. Aristotle's experience may be said to have been in some respects analogous to that of Bacon, and, assuredly, no mere scholar, no man without the minutest familiarity with society in its most active phases, could have written the rhetoric of the former, parts of which correspond to the "Colors of good and evil" of the latter. There probably never was a time or country in history, so far as we know, when so many different moral feelings and tendencies met and clashed with such strange concentration, and reached such an exuberant climax, as in Shakspearian and Elizabethan England. At no time probably in English history was the individual personality of the leading men, in contradistinction to the operation of representative class action, so highly developed—statesmen, orators, poets, historians, courtiers, soldiers, and sailors, the very queens, unfolded their separate powers, and acted upon one another with an individuality, an eagerness, an intensity of feeling which it is almost impossible to contemplate without astonishment. Hence the absorbing interest, the passionate attention of such men as Bacon to details of court influence, which

at this distance seem mean, petty, and trivial; but which at the time were, no doubt, felt to be vitally connected with the great interests of the day. Hence, too, the heat and turgescence of the Elizabethan style. Greece has kept futurity entranced by the exquisite beauty and symmetry of her intellectual remains. But even the relics of the Peloponnesian, the greatest of Greek eras, seem coldly beautiful, compared with the rank, hot, and almost tropical growths of the English moral conflict under the Tudors. When, after Sophocles, we read Shakspeare, it is as if we passed from the open portico of the Acropolis, gleaming whitely in the sun, into all the quaint shapes, the myriad conceits, the courtless effects of lurid color, of elfish magical sound, which make the heart beat in a modern cathedral. We look in vain to Shakspeare for what, in the present day, has finely been called a white light, unless it be in his descriptions of low life. Every fact is seen by him through a gorgeous metaphorical prism, the prism of an imagination nursed to a point beyond which it can scarcely go without becoming too violent and gross, but within which it embraces every relation and aspect in life with marvellous fulness, forming the whole into a moral kaleidoscope never before witnessed, and, perhaps, never to be witnessed again.

What is true of Shakspeare is true of Bacon. Bacon thought in parables. Of the astounding versatility of his thought, of the universality of its reach, the subtlety of its discrimination, the practical Machiavellian omniscience of motive good and evil, it is difficult by words to convey any adequate idea. But the plasticity of his thought is always the humble servant of his omnipresent imagination. His intellect is always at the mercy of his fancy for a clothing. All his intellectual facts are wrapt in visions of beautiful illustration. Here again the same parallel holds between Bacon and Aristotle, as between Shakspeare and Sophocles. The Greek philosopher's language is like a cold limpid crystal, compared with the imagery of Bacon, even when the latter labors to be abstract. Nor could a better instance be given than the name of "colors," which he gives to the common opinions of good and evil as means of rhetorical persuasion. This exuberance of the emotional element also shows itself in the subtlety of the logical dis-

* *Bacon's Essays.* By W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Macmillan and Co., Cambridge and London. 1862.

tinctions applied to the conduct of life. Nothing, we think, throws stronger light upon the immense part which personal and practical affairs played in Bacon's moral speculations than his letter to Essex, after the latter's victory at Cadiz. There is an eager and trembling minuteness of analysis, which men never display, except when their whole being is stimulated by close personal, almost family, considerations. Bacon's advice to Essex in regard to the queen is that of a conceited young philosopher, very vain of his own sagacity and experience, zealously prompting and instructing an older and more headstrong brother how to deal with a refractory and crotchety sister. Hence the cunning of the serpent of which Bacon is accused. But as Cicero well says, men will do for their friends what they will not do for themselves, and so also relations, or people standing in a position almost analogous to relationship, will descend into particulars below the dignity of public life. All those statesmen were like members of a common family. Bacon tells Essex to labor to remove the impression of his nature being *opiniastre* and not rutable, and for that end—1st. To acknowledge to past deficiencies, and not set them up as wilful. Mind, he adds, and harp upon this. 2d. Not to parade his scorn of Leicester and Hatton. I know, he adds, that they are far enough from you in merit, but you know how the queen likes them. 3d. When you pay her a compliment don't look as if you did not mean it. 4th. Make some show of having some eager pursuit, and drop it to please her. Again, he advises him not to parade his military character, which he ought to have left at Plymouth (on his way home from Cadiz). "And here (my lord), I pray, mistake me not. It is a thing that of all things, I would have you retain. . . . But, I say, keep it in substance, but abolish it in shows to the queen." For, 1st. Her majesty loves peace. 2d. She is avaricious. 3d. A military dictator is a natural subject of her fear. And so Bacon goes on through two octavo pages more of close print, refining and refining, and analyzing and analyzing, with a minuteness utterly alien to the statesmanship of the present day, which strives to rise above personal considerations to the calculus of general causes. That much of Bacon's advice seems, in itself, intrinsically mean, we do not for a

moment deny; but what we feel very strongly is, that until we can place ourselves in the peculiar focus of his own familiar position, and of the personal relations of the great family of statesmen who then lived round the English throne, occupied by an able, crafty, and conceited—a vacillating and dangerous woman, whose word could and did decide the fate of any one or more of them, we cannot rightly judge the exact standard of Bacon's worldly wisdom.

So again, although in his *Essays* it may be impossible to recover in all cases the trace of personal influences on his language and speculation, this personal element is sometimes very observable, as for instance, in the essay on "Beauty." It is true this essay, Mr. Aldis tells us, was first published in 1612; but the tone of it is so hampered, and contrasts so strangely with the gaudy and luminous discursiveness of the other essays, that we can hardly resist the feeling that he wrote it in the lifetime of Elizabeth, long before it was published, with her dread before his eyes, equally afraid of writing and of not writing upon the subject, and equally concerned what to say, and what to leave unsaid. For instance, he begins most of his other essays with the direct mention of the thing he is about to discuss. His essay on "Truth" begins, "What is *Truth*?" on "Death," "Men fear *Death*," and so on; but when he comes to talk of "Beauty," he starts on the safer theme of *Vertue*, or, as we should say, *Merit*. "*Vertue*," he begins, with Machiavellian caution, "*is like a rich stone, best plaine set.*" Scowl not, Elizabeth, and fear not, James, most meritorious but plainest fool in Christendom! For Elizabeth, surely, "virtue is best in a body that is comely, *though not of delicate features*" (!) And that hath rather "Dignity of Presence than Beauty . . . of Aspect." Elizabeth conceived she had both. And be of good comfort, James, for "neither is it almost scarce that very beautifull persons are otherwise of great virtue." Again, "in beauty, that of favour (feature), is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour." James flattered himself that his motions were very decent and gracious, and, in fact, that he moved right royally. How different is the trimming tone of this essay from the hard, cold, analytic, almost brutal dissection of de-

formity: "Deformed persons are commonly even with Nature. For as Nature hath done ill by them, so do they by Nature; being for the most part void of natural affection. And so they have their revenge of Nature." The essay proceeds with masterly precision and acumen, and we recommend our readers to compare the two for their own edification.

The beautiful little edition of *Bacon's Essays* now before us does credit to the taste and scholarship of Mr. Aldis Wright. The preface, which is written with classical sobriety and accuracy, puts the reader in possession of all the essential literary facts and chronology necessary to read the *Essays* in connection with Bacon's life and times. We wish that in his second edition Mr. Wright might be induced to analyze the *Essays* with an eye to Bacon's personal history, and the known character of the men of his day. It would also be interesting to mark the *passages* which Bacon successively added in the different editions. Many curious biographical and psychological hints into his character might thus be obtained, which the frequently barren disquisition upon outward actions, capable of so many different interpretations may have failed to give.

MARSHAL NEY'S LAST SPEECH.

[Extract from the *Saturday Review* on Senior's Biographical Sketches.]

AFTER the second Restoration, M. Berryer, in concert with M. Dupin, defended Marshal Ney before the House of Peers. Mr. Senior justly censures the Duke of Wellington and the English Government for their refusal to stipulate for the impunity of the illustrious criminal, although it might not be legally secured by the capitulation of Paris. In recording the most striking incident of the defence, Mr. Senior omits to furnish the characteristic explanation. M. Berryer, according to his own account, after failing in his argument from the Convention of Paris, offered the technical objection that Sarre Louis, the birthplace of Ney, having recently been ceded to Prussia, he was no longer a subject of France:—

"Here, however, the counsel were interrupted by Ney, 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I was born a Frenchman, I will die a Frenchman. Up to this time my defence was free, but I now see that it is to be fettered.' . . . Gen-

tleman Counsel for the prisoner,' said the chancellor, 'continue your defence within the limits which I have prescribed.' 'My lord,' said Ney, 'I forbid my counsel to say another word. Your excellency may give to the House what orders you think fit; but as to my counsel, they may go on if they are free, but if they are to be restrained by your limits I forbid them to speak. You see,' he said, turning to M. Berryer, who was anxious to continue, 'that it is a decided thing. I had rather have no defence than one chalked out by my accusers.'"

Mr. Senior can seldom be charged with a want of historical scepticism, but it is surprising that the frivolity of M. Berryer's plea to the jurisdiction has not led him to suspect the real origin of Ney's patriotic apostrophe, which had previously been settled in consultation by his ingenious advocates. The story is told at length, apparently on the authority of M. Dupin, in the *History of the Restoration* by Lamartine, who seldom condescends to so prosaic an adherence to the truth. He may be excused for consoling himself by the composition of some imaginary declamation supposed to have been addressed by the marshal to M. Dupin and M. Berryer. When it was seen that a conviction was inevitable—

"M. Berryer whispered to his client, 'Now is the moment; all hope is lost—it only remains to illustrate your end, and to save your memory, by falling with patriotism and nobleness in the presence of France.' 'I understand you,' answered the marshal, and under the pretext of wanting air and rest he retired, accompanied by his two defenders, to settle in concert with them his attitude and his language. They assured him with painful but necessary candor of the inflexibility of the Peers, and of the certainty of the sentence. 'But we have reserved for you,' said M. Dupin, 'the means of sharing by your last noble words in the close of your trial and your life. We will return into court, I will ask to defend you in my turn, and I will begin to plead your quality of a foreigner to France, which withdraws you from her own jurisdiction by your birth at Sarre Louis, a town now detached from our dominion. At my first words indicating the purpose of covering you with the character of a foreigner, you will interrupt me with a burst of indignation and an impulse of patriotic feeling which you will not fear to assume, and you will forbid me to save your life at the price of your glorious nationality.'"

M. Dupin proceeded to draw the extemporaneous formula which Ney was to deliver, and

at the proper moment the marshal sprang from his seat, and laid his hand on his heart, "Non, monsieur, je suis Français, et je saurai mourir en Français," and so forth, according to M. Dupin's instructions. M. de Lamartine's comment is worthy of the theatrical contrivance which almost throws ridicule on the last hours of a hero;—

"L'émotion préméditée fut immense. L'instant, l'accent, le geste, le regard de l'accusé y ajoutèrent ce que la préparation n'avait pas prévu. La nature, comme tous-jours, dépassa toute prévision."

M. Dupin and M. Berryer were of course aware that, if the Peers had been inclined to listen to their audacious plea, their clients' repudiation of their line of defence would not have deprived him of the benefit of the quibble.

The "Life of Tronçon Ducoudray," is not less instructive, and from the beginning to the end Mr. Senior's volume is full of interesting matter. His memoir of Lord King, which is the most strictly biographical of all the essays, contains some valuable remarks on the effect of the Bank Restriction Act, and on the principles of currency. A miscellany of so solid a character is seldom equally amusing.

From The Saturday Review.

PRACTICAL YOUNG LADIES.

MANY changes have passed over the world in the last fifteen years. We are all colder, more prosaic, less hopeful than we were. A generous theory, based on a belief in the perfectibility of man, was as certain then to evoke a cheer as it is now to be scouted with a scornful laugh. In those days men believed in an extended suffrage, and eternal peace, and the possibility of extirpating crime by reformatory prisons. Some went so far as to believe in an approaching union of all Christian Churches. Others, of an opposite turn of mind, had persuaded themselves that a drab-colored millennium was dawning on the other side of the Atlantic. Rude facts have roughly woke us from these luxurious dreams, and taught us that the antagonism which divides sects and classes, the ambition which embroils nations, and the love of a good dinner which animates the garter, are passions as rife and powerful as they ever were before at any period of human history. It is the

melancholy but complete collapse of optimism. We are compelled with heavy hearts to give up our aspirations after ideal churches and ideal commonwealths, and content ourselves with patching a little here, and altering a bit there, in the hope that the systems under which we live may at all events furnish us shelter for our time. Practical philanthropy, which has abandoned all other hope but that of being a temporary palliative for ills it cannot cure, is useful, but little fascinating. The flood of evil wells up ceaselessly; and it requires no small philosophy to labor on, baling it out little by little, with the certainty that no exertions that we can make will ever materially abate its flow.

Such thoughts, pressed home by the events of our day even upon the most sanguine, have produced a marked alteration, not always for the better, in the tone of popular thought. Many delusions have disappeared; but much of the zeal which it seems can hardly be maintained without their aid has evaporated at the same time. Of course this tendency shows itself the most strongly in the women, who are always the quickest barometers to mark the progress of a general change of feeling. The feature "most conspicuous by its absence" in the educated society of the present day, is the class of devout women and clerical young ladies who formed a very familiar type of womanhood ten or fifteen years ago. Whether the women of the present day are essentially better or worse than those of the same age half a generation back, is a matter too delicate for male critics to decide. But that they are externally less devotional there can be no question whatever. At the time to which we are referring, religious observances formed a material part of a young lady's business in life. She entertained very strong views in favor of one or other of the schools into which the religious world was then divided. She got up regularly for early church, or taught industriously in a Sunday school. She had some pet clergyman whom she defended against all comers, and the praise of whose voice in intoning, or whose eloquence in preaching, she sounded on every possible occasion. She was usually engaged in the conversion of her parents, and often of one or two Guardsmen into the bargain; and besides this, she was active in good works—especially in collecting money for penitentiaries. She possessed an abundant store of de-

votional works, magnificently bound; and she was a diligent reader of the religious novels which at that time issued so copiously from the press. Her conversation between the intervals of dancing was upon subjects of the day—that is to say, Transubstantiation and Baptismal Regeneration. So decided was the theological tinge of her mind, that she imposed the pretence of it, at least, upon those who sought her favor. Flirtation involved a certain proficiency in the terms of current controversy; and love-making wore the pleasant disguise of a mutual exploration into each other's religious difficulties.

There was a good deal that was ridiculous in the young-lady religion of that day; but its absurdities were a healthy sign. The affectation and fashion of the many was a sure symptom of the real earnestness of the few. There is no fertility where there are no weeds. Moreover, the pretence did a good deal of indirect good. If people were talking polemics, they could not be talking scandal; and as there is no evidence that they talked more than the feminine average at that period, it is evident that a considerable amount of scandal was thereby elbowed out of existence altogether. Nor was the general fashion which it induced, under which every one was obliged to have a theological opinion of some kind, and to be able to support it in argument, altogether an unhealthy one. A religious fashion, if it does nothing else, at all events fills up the ground that would be otherwise occupied by an irreligious fashion. The world is in the main composed of people who have no particular opinions, or tastes, or tendencies of their own, and who must, by the law of their being, always begin by pretending to be something that they are not, though they sometimes end by conforming their characters to the pretence. Whether these people pretend to be good or pretend to be bad—whether they conform to the fashions of Victoria's time, or the fashions of George IV.'s time—matters little as far as their sincerity is concerned. In each case they begin by being equally unreal. But it makes a great difference as to the reality into which their pretences ultimately develop. The change, at all events, whether unhealthy or the reverse, has been very complete. Devotion is no longer fashionable, and the clerical young lady is rapidly disappearing. Specimens may undoubtedly be found, like the specimens of the

bustard or capercaillie, to testify a state of things that has passed away. But the average young lady of the present day has a mortal aversion to parsons, and a profound ignorance of theology. She entertains no schemes for the conversion of her benighted parents, and cares a great deal more about the hearts of Guardsmen than their souls. Controversy lends her no aid in small talk. She cannot make love by a free exchange of sweet experiences with some mustachioed penitent. Compliments on one side, and chaff on the other, is now the debased currency with which she transacts a flirtation; and with her accepted she chiefly discourses on upholstery. A photographic album replaces upon her table the illuminated *Thomas à Kempis* or *Christian Year* of other days—which album is adorned by a large number of manly forms, which she modestly assures you are those of “her brother's friends.” She wholly ignores the theological topics of the day, and does not feel at the thought of Bishop Colenso one-half the glow of indignant horror with which the young lady of twelve years ago would have mentioned the name of Gorham or Bennett, as the case might be. She knows more about operas than churches, and more about dressmakers than either.

No doubt there is more reality in the later type. We now see the young-lady mind as nature made it, and not as good books have dressed it out. But few people will deny that there was something more fascinating in the enthusiastic fashion than in the practical fashion. The human mind needs clothes as well as the human body. There is something revolting in the photographic truthfulness with which very unreserved or very cynical people unveil to the world the workings of their minds. It is always pleasanter to believe that those around you have at the bottom of their souls aims higher than can be satisfied by the passing amusements of each succeeding day; and most people furnish their neighbors with that innocent gratification by assuming such aims, even if they have them not. Men very seldom go mentally naked. They have almost always sufficient reserve and restraint to clothe themselves in the decorums prescribed by the public opinion of their day. Women, and especially young women, are scarcely diplomatists enough for this. Their only chance of presenting to your eye a mind fair to look upon is to array it in some genu-

ine or affected enthusiasm. Even the latter, though it be only the contagion of a passing fashion, is better than nothing at all.

In the most practical point of view the practical young lady is a mistake. Farsighted matrons ought to cultivate enthusiasm in their daughters merely as a marketable article. In these evil days, when angling in matrimonial waters is a toilsome and ungrateful labor, and the fat, well-fed fish—the only fish an angler cares to hook—nibble so sluggishly and bite so rarely, it is not a time to throw away any kind of bait that might be useful. A languid generation requires some stimulant more exciting than the conversation of a voluble chronicler of crinolines. There is something gratefully exciting, like the acid of a tropical fruit, in the vehemence of charming women who talk of things they do not understand; but a pumpkin is the only vegetable that, in point of flavor and solidity, can supply a comparison for the small talk of the charmers of the present day. If young ladies will be practical, it is no wonder that elder sons should have become practical too. It requires something of enthusiasm, something in the nature of an illusion, to impel an elder son into the weary ways that lead to matrimony. The public courtship, the regulation observances of engaged happiness, the fierce battle of settlements, the ceremonies contrived for duly exhibiting the bridegroom, are nuisances from which very practical men, with very mundane views of the duties and objects of life, will be inclined to escape. Some mental fascinations, some bait beyond mere personal beauty, is needed to attract the shy fish of our generation. This practical fashion falls very hard upon the large number of young ladies who have no unusual intellectual power to countervail it. Every mother who knows her own interests will earnestly pray that the times of enthusiasm may come back again. And if the mother desire it from interested motives, those who merely wish to see the influence and usefulness of women extended will desire it still more keenly.

From Notes and Queries.

BODY OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

THE exhumation of the body of Hampden has been lately mentioned by Mr. Forster in his *Memoir of Lord Nugent*, prefixed to the third edition of *Some Memorials of John*

Hampden, his Party, and his Times; and still more recently by Mrs. Grote in her *Collected Papers, etc.*

I had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with Lord Nugent for many years, and I may speak with some authority upon this subject, as I am, I believe, with one exception, the only survivor of those immediate friends who were specially invited by him to be present on that occasion. I never heard that he was inclined to "deny his participation," but I believe Mrs. Grote may be right when she further describes him as "becoming in some sort ashamed of the part he had borne in the affair." For myself I have always extremely regretted that I was an assistant in it, and I sympathize entirely with the feelings of the parish clerk as related by Mrs. Grote. It was indeed a "sorry sight"—the remembrance of it even now haunts my imagination.

It is right, however, to observe that Lord Nugent had deceived himself in his expectations. He said, when he asked me to accompany him upon this expedition, that he had obtained permission to open the Hampden vault, and that we should readily find the coffin of John Hampden, and therein probably a mere skeleton, from which it would be easy to ascertain whether the bones of the arm and shoulder had been in any way fractured. It turned out, however, that there was no family vault in Hampden church, and that the exact spot where the patriot had been laid in the earth was not certainly known.

On Saturday the 19th of July, 1828, I left London with Lord Nugent and Mr. Denman (then Common Serjeant of London, afterwards Lord Denman). We halted at Chalfont to see the church, and the house where Milton had for a time resided; thence to Amersham and Aylesbury, where we visited the county gaol; and upon that occasion I made my first, and I hope my last, appearance on the treadmill, in company with the future Lord Chief Justice of England. We arrived in the evening at Lilies, Lord Nugent's residence, and on the following Monday morning started early for Great Hampden, where at the church door, we were met by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, the rector; Mr. Grace, Lord Buckinghamshire's land steward; Mr. C. Moore, the eminent sculptor; Mr. Coventry, and one or two other gentlemen.

After the inscriptions on several coffins had been examined, one was found about four feet from the surface, on the right-hand (south?) side of the communion table, on which no letters were legible; and as the plate was not much decayed, it seemed probable that there never had been any inscription. It was immediately determined that this should be opened. The outer coffin of wood had been covered with velvet. The inner coffin was a very thick leaden one. It was cut open, and the lead rolled back; the body was laid in a wooden shell, and upon removing the sawdust, was found to be enveloped in very numerous folds of cerecloth, which would perhaps account for its remarkable preservation; the flesh was white and firm, but with no other odor than that of the surrounding earth. The features were much compressed by the weight of the bandages; the eyes were covered with a white film; the beard had been shaven, but there appeared a growth of about a sixteenth of an inch. The hair was long and flowing, as represented in the portraits of Hampden; it had been collected and tied with a black ribbon at the back of the head. In color it corresponds with the description given by Mrs. Grote. I cut off a lock, which is still in my possession.

As there was no surgeon present, Lord Nugent descended into the grave, and endeavored to ascertain whether there was any wound upon or near the left shoulder; but it being found impossible thus to make a satisfactory examination, the coffin was raised, and set upon tressels in the middle of the chancel. The body was placed in a sitting posture, with a shovel to support the head. The shoulders and arms were then carefully inspected, and the result proved that Lord Nugent's "foregone conclusion"—that Hampden's death was occasioned by a gun-shot wound in the shoulder—was at once dissipated. There did not appear any discoloration, or the slightest injury to the shoulders or arms; but in order to be perfectly satisfied, Lord Nugent himself, with a small pocket knife borrowed from me at the instant, made several incisions in the parts adjacent to the shoulder joint, without finding any fracture or displacement of the bones. Lord Nugent was evidently disappointed: he did not care to establish the fact that Hampden's death was occasioned in any other manner than by a shot from the king's troops.

My own opinion rather leaned to the tradition related by Sir Robert Pye (Hampden's son-in-law), that his right hand was shattered by the bursting of his pistol, and that death probably ensued from lockjaw, arising out of extensive injury to the nervous system. When I took up the right hand it was in a sort of funeral glove like a pocket. On raising it I found it was entirely detached from

the arm; the bones of the wrist and of the hand were much displaced, and had been evidently splintered by some violent concussion, only the ends of the fingers were held together by the ligaments. The two bones of the forearm for about three inches above the wrist were without flesh or skin, but there were no marks of amputation; both the bones were perfect. The left hand was in a similar glove, but it was firmly attached to the arm, and remained so when the glove was drawn away. There were slight portions of flesh upon the hand; the bones were complete, and still held in their places by the ligaments which supported them. This remarkable difference in the condition of the hands sufficiently proves the truth of Sir Robert Pye's relation of the cause of Hampden's death.

I have written down the facts as they came under my own observation. If any of your readers should desire to see what has been further said upon this subject, I would refer them to your own pages as above quoted; to the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper of the time; to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1828; to the *Quarterly Review* for 1832, and to the two works which are mentioned at the commencement of this paper.

I left the church early in the afternoon with Lord Nugent, Mr. Denman, and Mr. Moore: and after having been hospitably entertained at the old mansion-house of Great Hampden, we returned to London the same evening.

I know nothing of what subsequently passed in the church. It was said that several hundred persons had been there during the afternoon, and on the following morning, for the body was not re-interred until the next day. Exposure to the air must have caused great alteration in the state of the flesh, for a rapid change was apparent even during the first hour. While Lord Nugent was in the church no surgeon had been present; the arms were not amputated, nor was the body touched with a knife by any other person but Lord Nugent himself, and in the manner above mentioned.

Mr. Forster states that Lord Denman always entertained the strong belief that he had gazed on what *had been* Hampden. Such I know to have been his opinion at the time, and such I also know was *then* Lord Nugent's opinion, however he may have afterwards thought proper to change it. His letter to Mr. Murray, as quoted by Mr. Forster, shows that he desired to throw an air of ridicule over the transaction.

In the inscription which he wrote for the monument to the memory of Hampden, erected in 1843, on the field of Chalgrove, the cause of death is so evidently guarded, that it cannot be questioned—"he received a wound of which he died." Under the circumstances a very safe and prudent conclusion.

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH.

From St. James's Magazine.
THE WOOLINGS AND WEDDINGS OF OUR
PRINCES OF WALES.

THE marriage of a Prince of Wales has been of such rare occurrence, not only in modern times, but throughout the annals of England, that an unusual degree of interest naturally attaches to antecedent incidents and ceremonies, as well as to those of the forthcoming auspicious event.

From the time of that great Plantagenet, Edward I., who to the epithet of *malleus Scotorum*, "hammer of the Scots"—given him for his valor as a soldier,—earned the better appellation of "English Justinian," from the excellent laws he placed on our statute-book; and who first presented, in 1284, to the refractory Welsh, then clamoring for a native prince to rule them, his infant first-born son, with the words, "Eich Dyn," ("here's your man"), this proud title has been borne by five only of our king's sons who married whilst heirs-apparent to the crown.

Edward of Caernarvon and his son, Edward of Windsor, having both ascended the throne bachelors, our interest in the wooing and wedding of a Prince of Wales commences with Edward of Woodstock. No name upon the brilliant roll of England's chivalry bears brighter lustre than that of the renowned Black Prince. He was a true nobleman, a valiant warrior, a courteous knight, a thorough Englishman, a good son, and an honest man. Early excelling in every martial exercise and pastime, he was the first Prince of Wales who distinguished himself in the field. At ten years of age Edward was a tall, well-proportioned, and symmetrically grown boy, with those courtly graces which won the admiration of the fair sex, and gave high promise of a virtuous and glorious manhood. The marriage of this "hopeful young gentleman" was projected thus early, and Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Brabant, at the tender age of four years, was the selected demoiselle. Prince Edward, however, boy as he was, seems to have had a will of his own, and strongly objected to be thus paired off or controlled in the matter of matrimony, having indeed already bestowed his affections upon his cousin, Joan Plantagenet, the Fair Maid of Kent, and such bestowal led to the failure of the contemplated alliance with the little Margaret. The romantic attachment of the royal

cousins, and the story of their loves, became traditional in many a town and village of merry England.

Joan was the only daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, youngest son of Edward I., by his second wife, Marguerite of France. This most amiable and exemplary young prince, at the age of twenty-nine, was impeached of high treason, and on Sunday, March 13th, 1429, was condemned by Queen Isabel and her paramour Mortimer to die on the morrow. Every effort of the "young lion" of England, Edward III., proved fruitless to save the life of his uncle. So beloved and popular was the earl, that no Englishman could be found to execute the sentence. The chronicler* says that the executioner stole away, and that the unfortunate Earl of Kent sat waiting on the scaffold until five o'clock in the afternoon, to be launched into eternity. The man who was at length persuaded to behead him was a condemned criminal in the Marshalsea, who accepted the terrible office as the ransom of his own life. That noble victim to the machinations of the infamous queen-mother left three children, the youngest, Joan, being then only a year old. While still an infant, her mother affianced her to the Earl of Salisbury, who soon after went abroad, and appears never to have troubled himself for many years about his betrothed.

As Joan advanced towards womanhood her peerless beauty became the envy and admiration of every one; but she acquired also, whether deservedly or no, a reputation for coquetry. Her temper, moreover, was not of the meekest or most amiable; indeed, by some she is styled "the gay, giddy, proud, and passionate princess."

John, her eldest brother, having early died unmarried, her father's title reverted to her brother Edmund. The Prince of Wales then besought the consent of his royal parents to an union with his cousin Joan. His virtuous and high-minded mother, Queen Philippa, had, however, a strong objection to the match, on the score of the fickleness of the princess's character, and entreated her gallant son to give up all further thought of the alliance. Edward ostensibly obeyed, but still cherished his affection in secret; and the seemingly rejected Joan, believing Salisbury, her absent betrothed dead, espoused in her twenty-fourth year, Sir Thomas Holland, K.G. The con-

* Leland.

tract duly signed, and the marriage over, who should, spectre-like, make his appearance to claim the bride, but Lord Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. Her mother asserted her right to dispose of her daughter's hand as she willed; Sir Thomas Holland peremptorily demanded that the contract just entered into in good faith should be fulfilled; and most firmly, but with much courtesy, did Lord Montacute maintain his prior claim, in spite of countess, princess, or knight. Just at this juncture, on the 7th January, 1353, the young Earl of Kent died, and his sister Joan became countess in her own right.

The prize now to be secured was a rich one. The two claimants therefore redoubled their energies, and contended with such unflinching determination, that the bride's friends at last suggested an appeal to the pope. Following out this suggestion, the stout Knight of the Garter laid his contract and the fact of his marriage at the feet of Clement the Sixth, whilst the courtly earl prayed his holiness to enforce his prior claims, contending that he was the original contractor, and that during his absence abroad Sir Thomas Holland had taken possession of his true and lawful wife, the Princess Joan of Kent. The pope, deeming the accomplished marriage of greater weight than the early contract, ruled that the princess should be restored to her rightful lord, Sir Thomas Holland. Whereupon the much-coveted beauty was resigned by her mother to the arms of the victorious husband, who, in right of his wife, took the title of Earl of Kent. His happiness, however, was of short duration, for some six years after he died, leaving his still youthful countess a widow with four children.

The fair Joan, since her marriage, had happily become as noted for her wit and amiability as she had been previously for her personal charms. Her own inclinations having never been consulted in her union with the knight, she now—arbitress of her own destiny—determined not to remarry without giving her heart with her hand. The Black Prince, whose attachment to his lovely cousin had undergone no abatement, ardently contemplated renewing his suit with her, but now found himself placed in a very embarrassing position. One of his intimate friends—a knight of his own household—avowed his love for the Countess of Kent, and ear-

nestly implored his royal master to forward his suit. The Prince of Wales—not only the soul of honor, but the impersonation of generosity—calmly consented to ask a question, the answer to which might overshadow his whole life. This noble act of self-abnegation strikingly illustrates the character of the man. The prince rode leisurely through the shady woods of Windsor to the manor-house, where the widowed countess kept solitary state, surrounded by her children, and was warmly welcomed and entertained at dinner. The repast over, the gallant Edward, in perfect outward calmness, proceeded to open the delicate commission with which he had charged himself, and urged his friend's pretensions warmly, and with entire good faith. The countess promptly and repeatedly rejected them, and her royal cousin as repeatedly begged her to reconsider her decision. She, however, firmly adhered to it, and finally, on being requested to hold out some hope of changing her determination eventually, Joan looked up from her embroidery, and told the generous pleader plainly, “how, when she was under ward, she was disposed of by others: but that now, being at years of discretion, and mistress of her own actions, she would not cast herself beneath her rank; but remembered that she was of the blood-royal of England, and therefore resolved never to marry again but to a prince of quality and virtue like himself.*

Though very widow-like, the concluding words of this reply might have been unintentional. However this may be, they were uttered by one who, though two years older than the prince, was, says Barnes, “still mistress of such graces and agreeable qualities as might worthily recommend her to the love of the greatest prince on earth.” Edward, sympathizing entirely with the frank and spirited sentiment, quickly showed his lovely cousin the interpretation *he* chose to give it, by bestowing upon her a hearty kiss. The blushing widow does not seem to have objected to this mode of construing, and the prince, with a beating heart, galloped back to impart to his royal parents the renewal of his own and Joan's love. He entreated his mother to part no longer two hearts so warmly attached. Queen Philippa, already sinking under that malady for which “there was no remedy but death,” laid her hand on

* Barnes, “Life of Edward III.”

the head of her first-born, and "bade him God-speed!" Edward the Third was pleased at the idea of his son's marriage, for he had thrice vainly sought to mate him with royal ladies of foreign birth,—first with Margaret of Brabant; then with a princess of France; and next with the Infanta of Portugal. All in vain. Edward was true to his first love. But there were great difficulties to overcome. The prince and his cousin were within the degrees of consanguinity. Added to this, Edward had stood sponsor to one, if not both, of Joan's sons; which, in the eyes of the Church of Rome, placed a greater obstacle in his way. Queen Philippa urged that Joan was two years older than her cousin, but this was no ecclesiastical objection. The close blood-relationship of the contracting parties was a grave difficulty; and a still graver one was the spiritual relation into which they had entered. But all these difficulties were overruled by Pope Innocent issuing from Avignon the bull of dispensation, September 7th, 1361. One dignitary of the Church, however, was not satisfied—the Archbishop of Canterbury. He wrote a very long Latin letter to the prince a few days before his marriage, in which he set forth that "many scandals might arise from it;"—as that, previous to her marriage with Sir T. Holland, Joan had been contracted to the Earl of Salisbury, and though judgment was given against the earl, and she had remained with the knight, yet as the Earl of Salisbury was still living, and married, it was very doubtful whether the princess could contract marriage at all. This verbose epistle, however, had no effect, for on the 10th of October, 1361, Edward married his cousin at Windsor Castle. Their nuptials were celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendor. In the enumeration of those present, some chroniclers omit the name of the king; but notwithstanding the queen's state of health, and her former repugnance to the match, all agree that she honored the ceremony, together with the Queen of Scotland, Maude, Countess of Hainault, and Edward's sister, Isabel. The rite was performed by the Bishops of Lincoln, Winchester, Salisbury, and Worcester, one Abbot of Winchester, and the Deans of Lichfield, Lincoln, and the Chapel Royal. This marriage was confirmed, two months afterwards, by a second bull.

For some time after their union this affectionate couple resided at Berkhamstead, Herts, where they threw off the trappings and anxieties of state, and drew around them a cheerful domestic circle. The Black Prince was fond of a joyous life, and at his town house high festivity was kept up. This house, Stowe tells us, stood upon Fish Street Hill, a little above Crooked Lane End. In that writer's time it was an inn, known as the "Black Bell." The yard which led from it, called "Bell Yard," was removed when the present London Bridge was erected. After fifteen years of uninterrupted happiness, the fair Joan lost her loving and beloved lord, at the age of forty-five. She survived him only nine years. She died of a broken heart, caused by the fact that King Richard II, her youngest son, could not pardon his elder half-brother, Sir John Holland, for the murder of Sir Ralph Stafford.

The wooing and betrothal of the next Prince of Wales and heir-apparent, which claim our notice some hundred years afterwards, were those of Edward of Westminster, son of the unfortunate Henry VI., born on St. Edward's day, 1453. Margaret of Anjou, his mother, was poor and proud, hence unpopular, and the internal peace of the kingdom was menaced by the existence of this prince; for Richard, Duke of York, was heir-presumptive until Edward of Westminster was born. He was created Prince of Wales before he was a year old; and for eight years during the Wars of the Roses, became a refugee in France. Margaret and her son made short visits at various chateaux, in which the French lords were proud to entertain the royal exiles. In Paris, too, they occasionally resided, and there, it is said, the Prince of Wales first saw the Lady Anne Neville, second daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, whose childish beauty so impressed his boyish heart, that at the age of fourteen he became enamored of her. The early youth of Anne was chiefly passed at Calais, England being only occasionally visited, when the star of York was in the ascendant. There is a tradition that when the wily Louis XI. despatched the Archbishop of Narbonne on a mission to Edward IV., there were in his suite two ecclesiastics,—one a very young theological student, the other several years older,—whose real names were only known to the archbishop. The younger

was Edward, Prince of Wales; and the grave yet handsome priest who accompanied him, Margaret, his mother. They were lodged secretly in London, in a house of the Duke of Exeter; and the energetic queen, by the aid of many disguises, much money, and kind-hearted jailers, actually passed a whole week with her unfortunate husband in the Tower. For this she had crossed the sea, and encountered a thousand dangers. When she returned to her hiding-place in the city, her despair was intense to find her son, from whom she had never before been separated, gone—no one knew whither. After a few days the truant prince returned, the excuse he gave for this strange escapade being that "it was all for love." He had crossed to Calais, where Warwick was then captain, and the Lady Anne resided. The lovers had met in secret, and had renewed their vows. Margaret was more proud than ever of her bold boy, and ardently longed to see him once again secure in the possession of that princely estate to which he was born. Though the queen was as ambitious as she was energetic, her ambition and energy were devoted to securing her son's power, not her own.

When Margaret of Anjou and Warwick both fled before the victorious Yorkists, they embarked disguised from Sussex for Dieppe. On board the ship they mutually recognized each other, and long before they landed the queen had agreed to accept the Lady Anne as her future daughter-in-law. Thus far tradition states. But it is certain that when Margaret consented to a marriage between the daughter of Warwick and her son, the Prince of Wales, it was upon condition that "the King-maker" should reseat her priestlike husband on the throne. Warwick, indeed, proposed this match as the price of his aid for the restoration of Henry of Lancaster. It is stated that the Lady Anne Neville and Edward of Westminster, Prince of Wales, were married at Amboise, in 1470, the bride being then in her seventeenth, the bridegroom in his nineteenth year. Prévost affirms that the match was one of ardent love on both sides. Young Edward, who was strikingly handsome, had received as liberal an education as those troublous times permitted, and his manners were characterized by dignity and refinement. The ill-fated pair remained in each other's society until the spring of 1471,—a brief nine months of bliss. A Flemish chronicler, indeed, asserts

that Anne was with her husband when that unfortunate prince was murdered at Tewkesbury, in the presence of Edward IV.; but this fact is as doubtful as that there was anything more than a betrothal between the Prince of Wales and Anne of Warwick. This much, however, is certain, that she was styled Princess of Wales, and that she was the first Queen Consort of England (by her second marriage with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.) who had previously borne that title.

In touching upon the union of Arthur of Winchester with Catherine of Arragon, we now at one step find ourselves advanced to the clear and open platform of modern history. Political considerations, long on the tapis, between Henry VII. of England and Ferdinand of Spain, brought about a marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Spanish Infanta. Both prince and princess had been born prematurely, within a few months of each other—the one at Winchester, where his mother, the White Rose of York, kept her court in 1486; the other at Alcala de Henares, near Toledo, where Queen Isabella was going to keep the Christmas of 1485. Affianced in 1497, the nuptials were not celebrated until November 14th, 1501; their crafty sires having each dallied and demurred until by the execution of the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, Henry's throne seemed unassailable, and the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella radiant with glory.

Prince Arthur at eleven years old was a handsome and intelligent boy, a scholar by inclination, of an ardent temperament, but rather grave than gay, and possessing none of his brother Henry's exuberant vigor and joyousness. His betrothed, on the contrary, we are told, was a very lively girl, passionately fond of dancing; and, if we may believe Speed, she was "beauteous," with auburn hair—a hue very rare among the tresses of the dark daughters of Castile. Her portrait represents her face as oval, with a very calm and benevolent expression—the features regular, and forehead remarkably high. Among the royal consorts of England hardly one is invested with greater interest than this high-minded but unfortunate princess; and much of her character may be traced by means of existing letters, which date from the time of her betrothal until long after her brow had

ached with that weight of woe which, signally for her, the crown-matrimonial of these realms, through her second marriage, brought with it.

With a view of cultivating their mutual affection, so far as might be between those who had never met, Arthur and Katherine were allowed, under the supervision of lord-governors, tutors, confessors, bishops, and duennas, to correspond with each other in the Latin language—French being then a rare acquisition even in a princely education of that period. We spare our readers the crabbed Latinity, and give in our mother English one of those effusions in which the young prince wooed his distant bride-elect:—

"Most Illustrious and Most Excellent Lady, my dearest Spouse,—I wish you very much health, with my hearty commendation. I have read the most sweet letters of your Highness lately given to me, from which I have easily perceived your most entire love to me. Truly those letters, traced by your own hand, have so delighted me, and have rendered me so cheerful and jocund, that I fancied I beheld your Highness, and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you what an earnest desire I feel to see your Highness, and how vexatious to me is this procrastination about your coming. I owe eternal thanks to your Excellence, that you so lovingly correspond to this my so ardent love. Let it continue, I entreat, as it has begun; and like as I cherish your sweet remembrance night and day, so do you preserve my name fresh in your breast. And let your coming be hastened, that, instead of being absent, we may be present with each other, and the love conceived between us, and the wished-for joys, may reap their proper fruit.

"From our Castle at Ludlow, 3d Nones [5th] of October, 1499.

"Your Highness' most loving Spouse,

"ARTHUR, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, etc., Eldest son of the King.

"To the Most Illustrious and Excellent Princess, the Lady Katherine, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, etc.; my most entirely beloved Spouse."*

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged between the royal sires of the affianced couple, Katherine left the Alhambra on the 21st of May, 1501, with a well-appointed suite of gentlemen, the Countess de Cobra, and Donna Elvira de Manuel, chief

* Wood's "Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies."

lady of honor, with four attendant young ladies. She went on shipboard at Corunna, August 17th. But, as it then commonly befell many of our royal brides, storms and contrary winds so prevailed, that she was obliged to return to Old Castile, where she became seriously ill. She was able to re-embark, however, on the 28th of September, and, after a favorable passage, landed at Plymouth, October 2d—her journey having occupied as many months as the same distance would now be traversed in almost the like number of days. By the people of Plymouth, the Spanish Infanta was right royally entertained, and the nobility and gentry flocked from the neighboring counties to do honor to their future queen. The feasting, rejoicings, and west-country sports highly delighted her, and seem to have been kept up there throughout the month. But it is somewhat strange to read that the Prince of Wales was unaware of his bride's arrival in this country until he met his father at East Hampstead on the 5th of the following month. The king, however, having been apprised of the landing of his daughter-in-law, had sent forward the Duchess of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey, with Lord Broke, steward of the palace to "purvey and provide for the Infanta." The next day the royal bridegroom hastened on to meet his bride. As soon as the Spanish cavaliers espied the *cortege*, they hurried across the downs in order to forbid the nearer approach of the king and his son towards the Infanta's presence. By order of Ferdinand, the bride was not to be seen by her betrothed until she stood at the altar,—neither was her veil to be raised until she was a wedded wife. King Henry, an English-born prince, though a stickler himself for forms and ceremonies, did not feel disposed to acquiesce in the observance of such Eastern fashions in his dominions.

In this dilemma, therefore, he sought advice of the privy councillors who were with him. Their discussion of this nice point of etiquette occupied some time, but finally they came to the decision, "that the Spanish Infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which King Henry was master, *he might look at her if he liked*." Following this advice, Henry made all speed to Dogmersfield, at which place the princess and suite had arrived a few hours previously, and demanded to see her. His entrance to her lodgings was opposed by a Spanish archbishop, a bishop,

and a count, who urged that "the Lady Infanta had retired to her chamber." Unheeding the perplexity into which his sudden appearance had thrown her retinue, he insisted upon an interview, protesting that if she were in bed he meant to see and speak with her, for that was his mind, and the whole intent of his coming." The determined bearing of the royal father-in-law carried the point. The Infanta rose, re-attired herself, and gave him the interview in an adjoining chamber. The king was as ignorant of Spanish as Katherine was of English; "but," says an eyewitness, "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have." Henry then presented Prince Arthur to his long-looked-for consort, and made the young couple formally plight their troth in person. This ceremony over, the royal party, we are told, were admitted into the Infanta's bedroom," when she and her ladies called for minstrels, and "with great goodly behavior and manner they solaced themselves with dancing." On the morrow the bride-elect set out for Chertsey, where she passed the night, and two days after reached Kennington Palace, in which she abode until prepared to be presented with due honor to the English people; "who always," remarks an old chronicler, "are famous for the wonderful welcomes they give to acceptable and well-behaved strangers."

The Spanish princess entered London in state, escorted by a retinue of nobles and ecclesiastics, on the 12th of November. She was mounted on a mule, the young Duke of York (afterwards Henry VIII.) riding at her right hand, and the Legate of Rome on her left. Katherine's head-gear was a carnation-colored coif under a hat shaped like a cardinal's, fastened with a lace of gold, her rich auburn hair streaming over her shoulders. Her duenna, Donna Elvira, wore the garb of a religious woman. The saddle of the princess's mule, in the form of a small arm-chair, was richly ornamented. Four Spanish maidens followed their royal mistress, also on mules, led by four English damsels, riding palfreys, and attired in cloth of gold. The Spanish ladies rode on the right side of their steeds, whilst the fair Britons rode on the left, "as if," says the recording herald, "each pair of damsels had quarrelled and

rode back to back." The loyal citizens of London were profuse in their expenditure to give their prince's bride and future queen a fitting reception. Pageants, tedious from their number and similarity, detained her, whilst passing from London Bridge to St. Paul's, for several hours in well-meant but injudicious greeting. In the bishop's palace she was lodged till the day of her marriage, whilst Prince Arthur abode at the Dean of Paul's Place, whence, on the wedding morning, the bridegroom entered the cathedral with a noble company. The bride, led forth by Henry, Duke of York, was accompanied not only by a bevy of beauties, but by "a great estate of bachelors that had not been married." The illustrious pair were married by banns publicly "asked" in the church. By way of a heavy joke, the rite was solemnly forbidden. Mock formalities were gone through, for and against it, by "budge doctors of the stoic fur." But the Master of the Rolls, having gravely examined both arguments, pronounced that the marriage would be good and effectual in the eye of the church. Whereupon the Archbishop of Canterbury, with nineteen bishops and abbots, at last firmly tied the knot, and pronounced Arthur and Katherine man and wife.

It was a strange feature in this elaborate wedding, that after the observance of so much formality—due and undue—her brother-in-law, young Henry should lead back the bride from the altar instead of her husband, but the fact is recorded.

After a fortnight's series of brilliant festivities, the Prince and Princess of Wales retired to Ludlow, where they held a miniature court, modelled after that of the English king. The young couple were deservedly popular, but their happiness proved of brief duration, for this amiable prince, who was the hope of the nation, died suddenly—of plague, it is said—April 2d, 1502, within six short months after his nuptials. Soon after this melancholy event, Henry of Greenwich, Duke of York, being created Prince of Wales, a project of his marriage with the widowed Katherine arose between the astute and politic fathers, Henry and Ferdinand. The latter wished his daughter and that part of her dowry already paid, to be returned to him; but the avaricious Henry not only insisted on retaining that portion (100,000 crowns) he had already received, but was desirous that

the remainder should come into his coffers. Katherine evinced much distaste at being made over like a bargain, to her deceased consort's brother; but being compelled to submit, was, in the summer of 1504, betrothed to a second Prince of Wales, he being only thirteen years of age, while she was a full-grown woman of nineteen.

Notwithstanding this strange betrothal, for nearly the whole period from Prince Arthur's death to her marriage with his brother (two months after his accession), Katherine's existence in England had been one of penury, suffering, and seclusion. At the time of this second union, Henry, without flattery, was acknowledged to be the handsomest prince, and probably one of the most accomplished men, in Europe. His frank, hearty, and graceful manners endeared him to all; and no scruples having yet arisen in the mind of Henry on the score of the marriage with the widow of his brother, that period was, in all probability, the happiest of Katherine's wedded life.

During the long lapse of a century—from the death of Henry VII. till James I. created his son Henry Prince of Wales, that title was dormant. It was next borne by the two princes of the house of Stuart, Charles I. and II. No heir-apparent after this bore it in England until the son of George I. was so created. That prince had been already married nine years. Upon his accession as George II., his son Frederick Louis was created Prince of Wales, at the age of twenty-two; and who, previous to his coming to England, had been anxious to espouse a princess of Prussia. State intrigues, however, prevented that match, but so over head and ears in love was he, that he offered to marry the lady secretly—at least, so one story runs. Another goes that, being deeply in debt, he prevailed upon the old Duchess of Marlborough to give him to wife her granddaughter, the Lady Diana Spencer, with a dowry of £100,000. As the Royal Marriage

Act, however, was a bar to the public recognition of such an alliance, it was agreed that the Prince of Wales should wed the fair Diana clandestinely. The bride-elect fortunately was saved from certain misery by the interference of Sir Robert Walpole. Frederick being thus thwarted in his own choice, consented, when afterwards importuned to marry, with contemptuous indifference, to accept a wife chosen for him in the person of the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, who was twelve years younger than himself. This union took place in 1736. The next and last marriage of a Prince of Wales was that of our beloved sovereign's uncle (George IV.) to Caroline of Brunswick, in 1795, the incidents of which are too well known to need repetition.

The youthful Henry (afterwards the Eighth of England) was the last Prince of Wales born of an English mother. Upwards of three centuries, therefore, elapsed ere England saw another Prince of Wales, who derived his birth from not only a royal daughter, but a queen-regnant of these realms, in the person of Albert Edward, our present "expectancy and rose of the fair state."

A high and brilliant career, in all human probability, awaits our young Lord of the Isles and his fair bride; a career which far be it from us to foreshadow by one sage reflection, trite perchance as true, upon what, alas! is alike the common lot of prince and peasant; for it is too often idle to speculate on the future, till "forthcoming events cast their shadows before." We are not so gifted as the witches in "Macbeth," who

—"Could look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will
not."

But at least we shall not err, either in good taste or feeling, by the expression of a lively hope and earnest prayer for welfare, happiness, and length of days to ALBERT EDWARD of England and ALEXANDRA of Denmark.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I FEEL that age has overta'en
 My steps on life's descending way,
 But time has left no lingering pain,
 No shadow of an evil day ;
 And you, my children, gather near
 To smooth and solace my decline,
 And I have hope that your career
 Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky
 From threatening storm and lowering cloud,
 But sunbursts shed from source on high
 Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.
 Not all without the shard and thorn
 Has been my path from first to last ;
 But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,
 Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—
 As I serenely talk or muse—
 Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,
 Reflecting Autumn's sunset hues.
 Time has not dulled my moral sense,
 Nor has it dimmed my mental sight ;
 No passions weaken my defence,
 No doubts and cares affright.

But Retrospection, even yet,
 Will lead me through past trodden ways,
 And I remember—why forget?—
 The magic of my early days ;
 All nature so divinely wrought,
 The unravelled mystery of things,
 Awoke me to exalted thought,
 And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew
 Up to the sunny noon of youth,
 From youth to manhood, till I knew
 That love was near akin to truth.
 My trials, bravely overcome ;
 My triumphs, not of purpose vain—
 All these with vague but pleasant hum,
 Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree
 Whose top is hoary with decay,
 Whose trunk is shaken as may be
 Before it falls and fades away—
 Receive what faithful men unfold,
 Revere what truthful men proclaim,
 And before Heaven and man uphold
 The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,
 No tremblings as I hurry down ;
 My way is clear, the end is near,
 The goal, the glory, and the crown.
 Then shed no bitter tears for me,
 As ye consign me to the dust ;
 Rather rejoice that I shall be
 With God, my strength and trust.
 —Chambers's Journal.

THE OLD VAGRANT.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.)

WEARY and old, here let me die—
 Here, in this ditch—I care not how.
 "He's drunk!" the passing crowd may cry ;
 I do not want their pity now.
 'Tis so, save when, with shudd'ring glance
 And scarce a pause, their souls are thrown.
 Why stop to lose the play, the dance?
 Pass on ! for I can die alone.

Yes, here to time I yield at last,
 Since hunger can no longer kill.
 I once did hope, when youth was past,
 My age some sheltered nook might fill ;
 But in no Refuge was there room,
 So many wretches houseless roam !
 The streets through life have been my doom ;
 So, after all, I die at home.

When young, to those who earned their bread
 "Teach me your trade," I used to say.
 "We scarce find work ourselves," they said ;
 "Go beg, my lad,"—and turned away.
 Ye rich, who bade me work, nor saw
 How hard I strove, ye gave, 'tis true,
 My crust of bread, my cup of straw :
 I dare not lay my curse on you.

I might have robbed—I begged instead :
 The greatest theft I can recall,
 Was but the apple o'er my head
 That overhung some garden wall.
 Yet want has such an evil look,
 That into gaol I oft was thrown ;
 The only wealth I had they took :
 At least the sunshine was my own.

What country has the poor man ? None !
 How shared I in your corn and wine ?
 The battles by your soldiers won—
 Your arts, your commerce, were not mine.
 Yet, when beneath the strangers' rule
 The pride of France lay crushed and low,
 I wept !—'Twas like a thoughtless fool,
 For rich and generous was the foe.

If we, indeed, mere vermin are,
 'Twere wise to crush us ere we sting ;
 If men, oh ! teach us—wiser far—
 How from our lives some good may spring.
 Worm that I am, had human aid
 Or guidance reached me, even I
 Might here have labored, loved, and prayed,
 Where now I leave my curse, and die.

H. W. HIGGINS.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

WHAT is lighter than a feather ?
 Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
 What's lighter than the dust, I pray ?
 The wind that wafts it far away.
 What is lighter than the wind ?
 The lightness of a woman's mind.
 And what is lighter than the last ?
 Nay ! now, my friend, you have me fast.